

TWO GREAT SERIALS COMMENCED THIS WEEK
Republished by Request of Thousands, Albert W. Aiken's "Wolf Demon."
"DICK DARLING, THE PONY EXPRESS-RIDER." BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

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A MEMORY OF TWILIGHT.

BY EREN E. HAXFORD.

Round me fell the gloom of twilight,
Shutting out the world from sight,
But overhead the angels lighted
One by one, the lamps of night.
"I'm so tired," my darling whispered;
"And I want to go to sleep."
I could hear the quail's shrill piping
From the shadows, dense and deep.
"Take me on your bosom, mamma!"
Oh, how weak my darling's words,
But to me they held the music
Of a thousand singing-birds.
Close I held her to my bosom,
Strained against my aching breast,
But the mother arms about her
Could not soothe her into rest.
"Sing," she said. There was a ditty
To an old-time melody
That I used to sing to hush her
Into slumber, on my knee.
And I sang this simple ditty
To the old, familiar air,
While my tears were falling, falling
Like a rain upon her hair:
"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head."
Came a light, so soft, so tender,
From the shadows in the west,
And it touched my darling's eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.
Oh, that light—so strange, so radiant!
I have often thought, since then,
That an angel touched my darling
And so charmed away her pain.
For she slept—the last sweet slumber
That a weary mortal knows,
And her face grew strangely quiet
In a new and sweet repose.
Ah, she slept, to wake, at morning,
On the calm, eternal shore,
To that new and strange existence,
Wrapped in rest forevermore.

RED ARROW,
THE WOLF DEMON;
OR,
The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED NAZEPAPA," "AGE OF SEADEN," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the summer of '64, I spent some three months in the district in Ohio, bounded by the Ohio, the Little Miami, and the Muskingum rivers, and in some of my pedestrian excursions I penetrated into the almost trackless wilderness that even now exists in some parts of West Virginia, on the eastern bank of the Ohio, the "white-oak land," almost worthless for agricultural purposes. I spent some time, too, in the town of Chillicothe, formerly the great central village of the Shawnee tribe. All this region is rich in Indian stories, handed down by tradition, from parent to child. In my rambles, I chanced to hear a rude and disconnected story of a terrible demon that had once afflicted the Indians about the time of Corn-planter, and the great expedition against Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, where the savages sustained such a terrible defeat. Putting the scattered links together, aided by the local traditions relative to the exploits of Boone, Kenton, and the renegades Girty and Kendrick, soon perceived that I had the materials for a romance of the early times along the Ohio that bid fair to far surpass, in interest, the usually dry recitals of the Indian border wars. The "Wolf Demon" tradition gave to the story of the sanguinary struggle an intense interest. That it is more than probable such a being could have existed, any well-read man in medical lore will surely affirm.

As far as possible I have verified local tradition by written annals, and have in no wise departed from the history of the troublous times wherein the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, played so prominent a part.

Probably the best proof that my story is, in the main, correct, is the request on the part of the leading daily newspaper of Wheeling, West Virginia (near to the scene of action of the story), to republish the romance still in their columns, a request that I was compelled to decline, as the SATURDAY JOURNAL holds the copyright of the work.

Since the publication of the romance, I have read it carefully, and, like the artist who lingers over the finished picture, giving it here and there a touch, to make "completion more complete." I have added a few words now and then, either to make the dramatic action stronger, or else to bring the romance still nearer to historical truth.

"Rose Cottage," ALBERT W. AIKEN.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1873.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.
THE great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forest by the banks of the Scioto, the beautiful river which winds through the richest and fairest valley in all the wide western land—the great corn valley of the Shawnee tribe—those red warriors who, in their excursions across the Ohio (the "La Belle" river of the early French adventures) had given to the plains and valleys of Kentucky the name of "The Dark and Bloody Land."



The rays of the moon fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man.

The tree-tops were green and silver; but under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.

The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness. One hears all noises in the night even in a civilized land; how much more wondrous then are the wild, free cries of the inhabitants of the great green wood, untrammelled by the restraining hand of man!

The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.

A ring around the moon told the coming storm.

Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon veiling in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover, with its mantle, the earth, and cloak an evil deed.

A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branch-

ing horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.

Across a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

A red brave, decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammelled by the taint of civilization—a brave of the great Shawnee tribe, the

lords of the Ohio valley from the oil "licks" of the Alleghany stream to the level prairies where the Wabash and the White pour their muddy tide into the great river of the New World, the winding, smiling Ohio.

Fast on the trail of the deer he followed, although the chase was almost hopeless.

Hardly had the warrior crossed the glade and entered the thicket, when, on his track—following him as he was following the deer—came another form through the forest.

A form that moved with noiseless steps; a form that cast behind it a shadow gigantic in its height.

The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.

The warrior penetrated into the thicket beyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so. Then satisfied that the deer was thoroughly alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the

warrior began to retrace his steps. The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought that he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.

From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.

With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-strokes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.

Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.

All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrunk from its path. It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.

For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being, that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.

Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle-"cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness, that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarcely had the death-blast of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.

In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiseled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little glen beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the

deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed, like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both after the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes, it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but nat'ral, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hooky!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "Thar's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kumel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"Thar's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

ABO LARK HIS MARK

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kumel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Abo Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kumel; you'n't to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've just come down from the north. I camped hyer last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark on to the tree, so that folks might know that I was round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter.

"And while you're in these parts, jest take up your quarters with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some friends of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kumel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kumel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugful. I'll wager my rifle ag'in a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at the rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"S'pose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's squar," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark. Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots?" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and small gun-powder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you have brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the inps."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down on to the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a blood-time while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend hear what chief was goin' to lead the expedition ag'in us on the south?"

"Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The man-that-walks," said Boone, thoughtfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afear'd."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once, he'd never guide another Injan expedition ag'in his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle-barrel.

"I was jest on, my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad that it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on a pole an' tote it in to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say nothin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough along the Ohio to whip any force these red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.
THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

All was bustle within the Indian village. To one used to the Indian customs, it would have been plain that the red-skins were preparing for the war-path.

The village was alive with warriors. Gayly-painted savages, decked with ocher and vermilion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, they could spring upon the pale-faces and red-den their weapons with the blood of their hated foes.

Over the village ruled the great chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, or, "The man-that-walks"—so termed, first, because he was reputed to be the fastest runner of any red braves in the Ohio valley, Shawnee, Wyandot, or Mingo; second, that, when a youth, on his first war-path against the Hurons, he had stolen by night into the midst of a Huron village, literally walked among the sleeping warriors, and brought back to his comrades the scalp of a great Huron chief, whom he had dispatched without alarming the sleepers—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the war-path, and wily as the red fox.

In the village of the red-men were two whose skins were white, though they were Indians at heart. The two were renegades from their country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the darters and twiling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were shrewd, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home with the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, giving up home, country, friends, every thing. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear as deadly a hatred to the whites as this renegade, Simon Girty.

His companion was not quite so tall, or as stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as Girty was of the Wyandots.

"This is going to be a bloody business," said Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to break the power of the whites along the Ohio. The braves are well provided with arms by the British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a force upon her border as this will be," replied the other.

"The more the better," said the renegade, Girty, moodily.

Then a howl of anguish rang through the Indian village. The braves stopped their sports to listen. They knew the signal well: it was the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body.

The warriors deposited their burden before the door of the council lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his lodge.

The chief was a splendid specimen of a man. He stood nearly six feet in height, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intelligent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and reputed to be one of the best fighting-men in all the Shawnee nation.

"Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betrayed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscular warrior, known as Wagon. "Little Crow went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; his arm was strong—his feet swift on the trail. He told his brothers that he would return before the spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. His brothers sought for him. By the banks of the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clot of blood marked the spot.

The head of the chief had been split open by a single blow, and that dealt by a giant's hand. The wound had apparently been made by a tomahawk, and, as the chief guessed, the dead man had been attacked suddenly, and from the rear.

"Did my warriors find no trail of the enemy who took the life of their brother?" asked the chief, still keeping his position by the body, and with a puzzled look upon his face.

"Wah!—the Shawnee braves have eyes—they are not blind, like owls in the light. When they found the Little Crow dead, they looked for the track of the foe. They found footprints by the body, but the trail came from nowhere and went nowhere."

"And the footprints—Indian or pale face?"

"Pale-face, but the moccasins of the red-man," answered the brave.

The brow of the chief grew dark. A white foe so near the village of the Shawnee, and so daring as to attack and kill one of the best warriors of the tribe, apparently without a struggle, must needs be looked after.

"My braves must hunt down the pale-face that wears the moccasin of the Indian and uses the tomahawk," said the chief, gravely.

Then Ke-ne-ha-ha drew aside the blanket that was wrapped around the body of the dead brave. A cry of horror broke from the lips of the great chief, and was re-echoed by the surrounding Indians when they gazed upon the naked breast of the dead warrior.

"The totem of the Wolf Demon!" exclaimed the chief.

The circle of friends gazed upon the mysterious mark in silent consternation. Their staring eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed plainly how deeply they were interested.

And what was the totem of the Wolf Demon?

On the naked breast of the brawny dead

chief were three slashes, apparently made by a knife, thus:

And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow.

It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the invisible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims.

The chief arose with a troubled look upon his haughty face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Ke-ne-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon their breast."

Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation waivered out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

Slowly and with knitted brows Ke-ne-ha-ha betook himself to the lodge of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf Demon, almost within the very precincts of his village, and at the very moment when he was preparing to set out on his expedition against the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A dark cloud descended upon his soul, despite all his efforts to remove it.

The two renegades had joined the circle around the dead Indian, and had listened to the story of how he met his death. Then, when the circle had broken up, they had slowly walked back again to their former position by the bank of the river.

A puzzled look was upon Girty's face. After they had resumed their former station, he spoke:

Dave, the words of the chief are a mystery to me, though the Indians seem to understand them well enough. What did he mean when he spoke of the Wolf Demon? and what did that mark of a Red Arrow, cut on the breast of the dead Indian, mean?"

"No; you forget that for the past six months I have been at upper Sandusky, with the Wyandots."

"Yes; and it is just about six months since the Wolf Demon first appeared."

"Explain," said Girty, unable to guess the mystery.

"I will. For the past six months some mysterious being has singled out the warriors of the Shawnee tribe for his victims. He always seems to take them by surprise; single warriors alone he attacks. And on the breast of those he kills he leaves, as his mark, three slashes with a knife forming a Red Arrow, like the one you saw on this fellow."

"But the name of the Wolf Demon?"

"I will explain. One Indian alone has lived to tell of an encounter with this mysterious slayer. He was only stunned, and recovered. He reported that he was attacked by a huge gray wolf, with a man's head—the face painted black and white. The wolf stood on its hind legs like a man, but in light far out-topping any human. He caught a glimpse of the monster as it struck him down with a tomahawk that the beast held in its paws. And that's the story of the Wolf Demon, who has killed some of the bravest warriors of the Shawnee nation."

"But what do you think it is?"

"I reckon it's the devil," said the renegade, solemnly.

CHAPTER III.
A TIMELY SHOT.

FROM one of the largest of the dwellings that composed the little frontier settlement of Point Pleasant came a young girl.

She was about sixteen, and was as pretty as one of the wild flowers that bloomed unseen amid the rocky ravines through which ran the tumultuous Kanawha.

Dark-brown hair rippled in wavy masses back from her olive-tinted brow, browned by exposure to the free winds of the wilderness and the sunbeams that danced so merrily over the surface of the rolling river.

The bright color in the cheeks of the girl, her free step, that possessed all the grace and lightness of the bounding fawn, told of perfect health, as also did the sparkling brown eyes and rose-red lips that seemed to hold such dewy sweetness in their graceful curves.

The maiden was known as Virginia Treveling. She was the daughter of General Lemuel Treveling, a man who had great experience as a hunter, and who had settled down in Point Pleasant, and was reputed to be by far the wealthiest man in all the country around.

So, by virtue of her father's wealth, as well as by the aid of her own beauty, Virginia Treveling was the belle of the station known as Point Pleasant.

Her right to the title was not disputed, and few envied her, for Virginia was as good as she was beautiful.

Many of the young men of Point Pleasant and of the neighboring stations had sought to gain the favor of the winsome maid, but to all she said, nay!

The man to whom the fair girl would freely give her heart had not yet met her eye; but Virginia was young—scarcely old enough to be wooed and won.

The maid was clad in simple homespun garments, the work of her own hands, for she was a true American girl, a daughter of the frontier, and looked not with favor upon the gaudy trappings of fashion.

The little tin pail that she carried in her hand told her mission.

The great blackberries were shining in huge purple clusters in the rocky passes that surrounded Point Pleasant, and, like the fortifications of the olden time, seemed to forbid approach.

With her light, graceful step, the girl passed through the village, and taking the trail that led to the south, along the bank of the stream, soon left the settlement behind.

There was little danger in this incursion into the deep woods, for the Indians were on the northern bank of the Ohio; and then, too, there had been peace between the settlements and their red neighbors for some time.

The girl followed the trail for about half a mile, then turning abruptly to the east, entered a little defile, where the blackberries grew thick and rank.

Picking the berries as she went slowly along, she soon lost sight of the trail leading from the town.

The maiden had not been gone from the path many minutes when the hoof-stroke of a horse rang out with a dull "thud" on the still air of the forest.

A horseman was approaching from the south. A traveler, probably, from Virginia.

Then the horseman came into sight. He was

a young man, dressed plainly in a homespun suit of blue. Upon his head he wore a broad-leaved felt hat, that shaded the sun from his eyes. A short German rifle, carrying a ball of forty to the pound, and richly ornamented on the stock with silver, was resting across his saddle in front of him. A keen-edged hunting-knife, the blade some eighteen inches in length, was thrust through the leather belt that girded in his waist.

The face of the young horseman was a frank and honest one. The full, steel-blue eyes showed plainly both courage and firmness. The handsome, resolute mouth confirmed this.

In figure, the rider was about the medium size, but his well-built, sinewy form gave promise of great muscular power.

The rider was named Harvey Winthrop. A descendant was he of one of the staunch old Puritan fathers. And now he was seeking his fortune in the far Western wilds, for the fickle goddess had not smiled upon the young man. A student at a foreign university, he had been hurriedly called home by the sickness of his father, his only parent. He arrived just in time to close that father's eyes. And when he came to settle up his parent's estate, instead of finding himself—as he had expected—the possessor of a goodly fortune, he discovered that some few hundred dollars was all in the world that he could call his own.

Young Harvey Winthrop, though, had the right stuff in his nature. Bidding his friends adieu, he set forth to make new ones, and to carve out for himself a fortune by the banks of the "Beautiful River"—the Ohio.

So it is that, on that pleasant summer's day, the young Bostonian found himself on the trail leading to Point Pleasant, and was fast approaching that station.

The settlement can not be far off now," he said, musing to himself as he rode along, and, rising in his stirrups, he strove with his gaze to penetrate through the mazes of the almost trackless forest before him.

Then, to the astonished ears of the young man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm.

The traveler checked his horse and snatched the rifle from the saddle.

Again on the still air rang out the scream, shrilly, coupled with a cry for help. The cry came from the ravine on the right.

In a second he leaped from the saddle, and, rifle in hand, plunged into the ravine. His horse—a well-trained beast—remained motionless on the spot where his rider had left him.

The young man dashed up the steep ascent at break-neck speed.

The noise made by his steps fell upon the ears of the woman who uttered the scream. She knew that help was near.

A few steps more and the young man beheld a scene which nearly froze his blood with horror.

Fleeing down the ravine came a young girl—who, even at this moment of excitement, he noticed was beautiful, almost beyond expression; and behind her, in full pursuit, was a huge black bear.

The girl was Virginia Treveling. In her search for berries she had stumbled upon the bear, who was busily engaged feasting upon the luscious fruit.

But Bruin, in a twinkling, forsook the berries for the human.

Then from the lips of the girl came the shrill screams that had brought the traveler to her rescue.

The girl reached the young man.

"Keep on, Miss," he cried, quickly, "fly for your life! I'll keep the brute at bay."

Small time was there for conversation, for the bear, at his lumbering trot, was coming rapidly onward.

"He will kill you!" cried the terrified girl.

"Yes, and you, too, if you don't run," said the young man, coolly. "One life is enough; so save yours."

"I will not go!" exclaimed the girl. "Give me your powder-flask and a bullet. After you fire, if you miss him, I can load."

The hunter threw a glance of admiration at the heroic maid who seemed so cool at this moment of danger; but he did as she requested. Then, as the bear came on, he leveled his rifle at the brute, and sighting one of his eyes, fired. But the bear swerving in its course at the moment, the ball glanced across his bony head and shot off as if it had been but a boy's marble.

The beast paused for an instant, shook its head as if annoyed, then, with an angry growl, he came straight upon the young man.

Winthrop had handed his rifle to the girl, and, drawing his knife, awaited the onset. His only hope of escape was to close in with the animal, and stab him in some vital part before he could use the terrible claws and teeth.

The bear reared on its hind legs and prepared to seize the young man with open mouth.

Winthrop felt that the crisis had come.

The young man raised his knife to plunge it into the slaggy breast before him, while, with eager but trembling hands, the girl reloaded the rifle.

But the sharp crack of a rifle came quick on the air.

Winthrop heard the "hiss" of a bullet that whirled past, close to his ear. Then, with a grunt of agony, the bear fell over on its side, clawed the earth wildly for a moment—grewled in pain, and sunk into the silence of death.

The rifle-ball which had passed so near to the ear of the young man had entered the body of the bear between the fore-legs and buried itself in the great red heart.

Winthrop could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the grim king of the forest lying in death at his feet; when he saw the huge paws motionless that he had expected to feel tearing his own flesh.

He had been saved almost by a miracle.

A timely shot, and a good one, for an inch either way would have missed the heart of the bear or killed the young hunter.

Winthrop felt that both he and the beautiful girl had been saved by the shot of the, as yet, hidden friend.

The young man looked for his preserver. Judge of his astonishment when forth from the bushes that fringed the rocks, with a rifle in hand—a very forest queen—came a young girl!

(To be continued.)

A NEW HIT!

In this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we give the commencement of

DICK DARLING.

The Pony Express-Rider.

A TALE OF THE OLD OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY LAUNCE POYNTEZ.

A brilliant, exciting and markedly original romance, introducing as actors some of the "quaker customers" that our wild mining and frontier life produces; and embodying, as a story, many exceedingly delightful and thrilling elements of interest. The romance is a worthy companion-piece to the noted "Overland Kit," although wholly unlike it in story, character and adventure. It will prove very popular.

WHEN!

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

When weary cares aside are thrown,
And calm repose has conquered us,
To hold each one in dreams his own,
In which a spell has anchored us;
How many sit and weep alone
O'er grief which ne'er has canceled us!

When at a revel banquet hall
Each heart has cut aside its woes,
And merriment holds it in thrall,
The cheering wine-cup overflows;
How many there have found their fall,
And could a wretched tale disclose!

When true love springs in the breast,
And paints its dreamings all so bright,
That are among the life's most blest,
And eager hearts would swoon to their flight;
How many are there who oppress
By hate, weep tears thro' Sorrow's night!

When luxuries of life we taste,
And count our hoarded golden store,
On which so many joys are based—
We fear not want, but dream of more.
How many forms of health and ease,
And feel the world's delusions sore.

When Heaven's gates at last are opened,
And saints come round in throngs,
Who, all their lives, have longed and hoped
To enter there and join in song,
How many who earth's darkness groped,
In light eternal shall grow strong.

Ytol:
OR,
Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.

A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "BLACK HAND," "HON AND GOLD," "RED SCOUTS," "TRAIL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.
SPIRITED AWAY.

"Oh, Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?"
—MOXON.

"Farewell—and blessings on thy way
Where'er thou go'st." —MOORE.

"Hush—oh, Heaven! a moment more,
A breath, a step, and all is o'er!" —TURNER.

JEROME bounded forward toward the point where the frightful face had peered round at them and startled them with its goblin look.

But when he reached the spot, there was nothing there.

He saw a dwarfish figure fleeing along the beach—saw it dimly, for the sun had gone down, and twilight had deepened nearly into night.

"Oh, Jerome!"

Ytol had gained his side, and clung tremblingly to his arm.

"Don't be frightened, Ytol."

"It was so horrible!" said the girl, shuddering.

"But harmless, I guess. See—there he goes; you can hardly discern him, it is so dark." She would not look.

"Come," he added, "it's getting late. We'd better return to the hotel."

Gathering up the rug and the books, they left the retreat, and took their way slowly over the sands.

Ytol was silent. The deathly pallor was still in her features, and Jerome noticed that her whole frame quivered.

"Now, don't be alarmed," he said; "it was nothing, after all. Some uncouth fisherman, no doubt, not yet washed, after a day's toil, who spied us by chance."

"No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known!"

"But," faltered Ytol, "I have seen that terrible face before."

"Very possible. We often see the same object a dozen times in the course of a life; that's not uncommon. Don't worry over it."

He spoke playfully, and laughed at the affair, trying to banish the fears which, he perceived, preyed upon her.

His efforts were vain. A strange, clammy sensation crept into her heart, a chilly foreboding was upon her, perceptible, though she tried to hide her condition.

"Think no more of it, Ytol"—seriously. "You are too timid."

"Jerome, there's something dreadful about to happen, I know—"

"I feel it, Jerome; I can't shake it off. The face of that man—if it was a man—is not new to me. I have seen it before—and it was in some wild tableau of confusion, a scene in which I am almost sure, I also saw this ocean. It must have been many, many years ago, so far back that my head aches when I strive to remember. Oh! if I could only recall—"

"There, there," laughed Jerome; "it's a clear case of momentary insanity. You'll put me in a shiver, presently, with this talk of 'graves and worms and epitaphs.'"

Quit, in mercy. I feel already as if I had slimy eels crawling down my back."

They were approaching the hotel porch, where an unusual throng moved busily to and fro.

"By Jove!—excuse my exclamation—we've lost our supper, Ytol. A hop to-night. You must hurry to your room, and 'fix up'—so must I. Remember, you are mine for the whole evening, by promise of two days ago."

Ytol retired to prepare for the hop. She was in a poor humor for the occasion; her heart was heavy, and her head ached. But she had promised Jerome her society, and must not disappoint him.

Bella was dancing about the room, en disshabille, in a high state of excitement.

At last! she exclaimed, breathlessly, when Ytol entered. "I think I'll put you and Jerome in a bag, and tie a string round it. I've got so much to do, I don't know where to begin—and you've been a-courting your lover, while I'm on pins waiting for you. Ytol, you're a goner! Save me a piece of the wedding-cake, and I'll be godmother to the first heir! But hurry up!—we haven't a minute. You fix my hair, Ytol, and I'll fix yours. I wear a red rose in my bosom, to-night, for a signal. Ha! ha! ha! Jolly! A love-sick cavalier with a Napoleonic moustache—smitten to death. I suppose you'll monopolize Jerome, of course. Poor Jerome; he's got it bad! When's the marriage? Quick, Ytol—I'm perfectly crazy for a dance!"

The music was sounding in the long hall, and the fashionable were assembled en masse—numbers from the other hotels and vicinity; all aglitter, aglow, astir, in a brilliant gathering to the revelries of Tpersichore.

But our interest does not lie in the ball-room. About half-past eleven, when the bursts of pleasure and raptures of flirtation were at their height, Jerome drew Ytol away from the whirling scene, and led her out to the broad lawn.

They were alone in the stillness of the night, where none could see nor hear, and the melodies of music reached faintly to their ears.

"Ytol," he said, with a calmness that was strangely impressive, "I want to speak to you once more upon the subject of our conversation this afternoon, on the beach."

He paused. The hand that rested in his arm began to tremble; but her lips were closed.

"I want you to marry me, Ytol. I'll take you away from here; we'll travel through the Old World, and see all those sights you have so often told me you yearned for. My life, so far, has been aimless. You are the first woman I ever loved, since my dear mother died. I want you to see how great that love is. I'll try to make your life one never-ending hour of contentment and joy. Tell me, now: won't you be my wife?"

"Jerome, I can not."

Her head was drooping; the answer came huskily, yet it was prompt.

"Do you love me?"

"Heaven knows I love you, Jerome."

"Then what is the secret that keeps you from me?"

There was no reply. Ytol was suffering, then, more than he could dream of.

"Are you made of stone, Ytol?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh! Jerome, I dare not marry you—I could not. I tell you I love you; but it is not such a love as you seek and deserve. It is not the love a wife should bear her husband. You have been as a kind brother to me—and I have so few friends that I have blessed you in my prayers, night and day. But I have no feeling beyond that. It were a sin for you and I to wed, when you would be sure to be disappointed in me. Won't you continue to be my brother? Oh! if you only knew!—if you only knew!" The last like a wail, the moaning of an anguished spirit that then controlled her.

"If I only knew what, Ytol?"

She was weeping, and made no answer to his question.

"This is a rejection, then."

"We can not marry, Jerome; my conscience forbids it."

"Be it so. I bid you farewell to-night, Ytol."

"Oh, don't go away," she said, clinging tighter to him.

"It would be torturing to me to remain—"

"Don't leave me!"

"On this very spot, . . . I hope you may be happy, Ytol. I wish I knew the secret—for it must be more than what you have told me—"

"I'll not question you. I accept my fate. Once I thought there might be something in the world to give me true joy—that something yourself. You have denied me the boon. I shall try to survive this, by roaming out my loneliness in other lands. If we should ever meet again, and no other has won you for a bride, Time may, perhaps, have altered your heart, and I may taste the sweets that have here been held out to me in hope, then dashed to atoms. I shall never forget you, never cease to love you; but now—farewell, Ytol, farewell!" He displaced her hand and stepped quickly back.

"Jerome! Jerome! Come back!—don't leave me forever!"

He was gone. He had pressed her hand in an icy grasp, then glided from her side, struggling manfully to crush the emotion that was rising in his breast.

For a second she stood riveted, her eyes straining after him. Then her hands clasped and wrung together convulsively, and she sunk sobbing to the sandy sward.

Hark! another footstep blending in Jerome's, but this swift, stealthy, callike as it rustled the weeds, close to grass.

A dwarfed form rose out of the shadowy surrounding, and stole forward toward her—followed by a second, a female, moving as swift, noiseless, significant.

Danger hovered thick near Ytol, though she knew it not.

"Oh, Jerome! you think I have no heart, no passion, no feeling. Heaven help me! I am miserable enough without your disfavor; ay, miserable enough to bless the vilest beggar for a friendly deed or word. How could you leave me so?—you, the only man who has gladdened my moments with a brother's love, and have I done right? Why should I still be true to Wharfe? I may never see him again; and if I did, we could be nothing to each other. I might make Jerome happy, even if I—"

She stopped short as her ear caught the stealthily-approaching footsteps.

Her immediate impression was that Jerome was returning. A wild impulse seized her. She would take back the words that had made him so sorrowful; she would—

"Jerome! Oh! Jerome!"

But it was not Jerome. She saw two spectral figures darting upon her, a thrill of fear came over her, and his name froze on her parted lips.

Ere she could shriek she was encircled by a pair of strong arms, and a handkerchief, saturated with chloroform, was pressed down over her mouth and nostrils.

"Ha! ha! we have her at last. Tight, Catdjo!—hold her tight!"

Ytol struggled desperately; but it was not for long.

When she lay limp and still she was grasped up in the muscular arms, and borne rapidly away toward the beach, and home to the Dwarfs.

Her captors were Dwila St. Jean and the Dwarf.

On the sands a life-boat was in waiting, and three men stood ready to launch it.

Ytol was deposited in the stern sheets; and, watching their opportunity, the boat was run out between the break of the waves. Catdjo and the men tumbled to their oars, pulling steadily in the direction of a bright light that rode on the billows ahead.

As the abductors made off, a sluggish object sped through the air in pursuit, uttering a loud, angry yell.

The dog fell short of the boat, and was thrown back upon the sands on the crest of the flood-tide breakers. He essayed again to follow; but he could not, and each moment his mistress was receding further and further with her captors, till she was utterly lost in the gloom.

Then, amid the roar and surge of the ocean, rose the dog's long, doleful howl of distress.

Ytol was missed and promptly sought after. All search proved unavailing of course. When they had hunted everywhere around the hotel, and day-dawn was near at hand, Harry Drew ran down to the beach to see if there were any traces of her having been there. Perhaps, had he seen the furrow from the boat-keel and the numerous footprints, his suspicions would have been aroused; but there had been a severe storm toward morning, and an unusually high tide, and the tracks were obliterated.

He met Carlo, whose deep walk had drawn him thither from the plank walk.

"Carlo! Carlo! where's Ytol? Find her, Carlo!"

The dog yelped and barked, and turned his muzzle toward the sea, and there were tears of grieving in his great black eyes. He seemed inconceivable; and Harry thought he read in his actions the story of Ytol's fate.

"Ytol must have been drowned!" he groaned, shuddering. "How could it have happened? How am I to tell the news?"—and, as if unwilling to yield to the belief that had been perished: "Ytol! Ytol! where are you?"

But the breaking day showed him a spotless sea, and all around was deserted. An ominous conviction that she was lost wrung his honest breast, and he turned sadly away from the lashing surf.

Carlo followed, anon pausing and looking back, uttering low whines.

Next day Jerome, too, was missing. He had disappeared as strangely as Ytol.

The whole was a mystery, for which Madame Gossip readily manufactured tales and hints in conjecture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREAT OF DOOM.

"That sudden gushing of our vain despair, When none but God can hear or heed our call."

"The night came down in terror. Through the air Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, rolled; The lightning kindled with its vivid fire Their outcrops, as they rose, heaped fold on fold, The wind, in fitful gusts, swept o'er the sea."

—SARGENT.

DURING the evening dark clouds had gathered in the western sky, drawing slowly higher and higher in the heavens till the stars disappeared, and an impenetrable gloom lowered overhead.

There were occasional lightning-flashes far off on the horizon, and faint booms of thunder warned of an approaching tempest.

Headless of this, a yacht was skimming over the rolling billows, her canvas spread like the wings of a huge night-bird, plowing the rising waves.

The red light in her bows had been extinguished, and the lantern at the helm only glimmered faintly in the inky blackness.

In the cabin, on one of the curtained bunks, lay Ytol—pale as a corpse, and seemingly dead. There was life in the motionless form, to return with all its pangs and weary weights, and to the realization of new terrors.

A female, masked, and wearing a hooded cloak, stood beside the bunk, holding aside the faded draperies, and bending forward to watch the quivering lid and lash of the captive.

Behind the masked figure stood Catdjo. The Dwarf's eyes were fixed on the couch with their old vacant stare; his arms were folded across his breast. He was like an ugly image of wood, save that he swayed with the lurching of the craft.

Pretty soon Ytol began to revive. There were symptoms of hysteria, convulsive tremblings, and she half-moaned, half-laughed as the drug gradually relaxed its influence upon her. Then the blue eyes opened wide.

"Wake up, Ytol Dufour!—wake up!" called the figure, leaning closer.

Bewilderment still held the girl; for some moments she did not move a muscle.

"Who are you?" she asked, starting to her elbow, and gazing hard at the mask.

"One who has searched for Ytol Dufour these many years, and who sought your mother before you."

Ytol Dufour?—Dufour?

"That is Wharfe's name—not mine," she thought, perplexed at the other's reply. "What can this mean? Oh! how my head pains me!" She pressed one hand across her eyes, for her vision was swimming, and her brain was aching sorely.

"Can you guess where you are?"

"No—where?"

"In mid-ocean."

"On the ocean?" incredulously.

"Far from friends, and in my power, Ytol Dufour. Do you hear?—you are being borne further and further from those who love you, deeper and deeper into the net of those who hate—who hate you, I say."

Ytol was dumb with a nameless feeling. The disguised voice continued:

"You are completely in my power; no one near to help you, if you cry for help. If you do not believe me, then test it."

It seemed as if she was not yet awake. She could not comprehend; yet the voice was threatening, penetrating, sharp in its accent.

The orbs in the eyelets of the black mask flashed menacingly on her as their owner spoke.

Ytol's heart pulsed quicker, her face grew paler;—if it were possible—as her eyes wandered to the hideous being who stood near the door. Her veins chilled as she recognized the same unearthly features that had terrified her, in the afternoon, at the "net tryst."

"Where are you taking me to?" she faltered, while a gathering fear was written in her every lineament.

"To your doom, Ytol Dufour!—the same doom which was meted to Nora Dufour, your mother, by other hands than ours."

"My mother?" echoed Ytol. "But, my name is not Dufour—"

"It is. You are Ytol Dufour, the child of Nora Dufour, who was the last daughter of David Dane. And we hate you for it—we hate you!"

"Ugh!" grunted Catdjo, taking a step nigher, and clenching his fists.

"Oh! tell me!" cried Ytol, "did you know my mother? What became of her—"

"Think of yourself now, and not her. She was cast from a vessel named the Gipsy Queen by a man bribed to the deed by a brother of her husband. It saved his trouble. You will soon join her. You are to perish like her!"

"I? You are going to kill me?"

The figure nodded.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. "This is some cruel dream. It would be murder—you wouldn't murder me! What have I done?"

"A dream too real to doubt!" interrupted the malicious voice. "Look: do you see that piece of deformity?"—leveling and shaking a finger at Catdjo—"do you see the lump on his back, and the scars on his face? Do you mark that he is silent?—he has no tongue! It was shot from his mouth by a pistol-ball, and your father held the weapon. Look at him, I say: is he not a sight to be jeered at and spit upon? Can he ever be remade, or hope to regain the symmetry God gave him? And to your father he owes it all! Catdjo seeks vengeance. I have no special hate for you; but I must take and act for him. He swore the oath of vendetta at the very altar where Silas Dufour wedded your mother—Silas Dufour, the drunkard. Do you think there is pity in his heart? Do not hope for it. You are his victim, and you are to die, to wipe out the wrong your flesh has perpetrated. See, Catdjo!—the picture!"

Ytol had listened, appalled. There was a look of terror in her starting eyes; she became rigid as marble.

The Dwarf, while Ytol's tormentor spoke, was worked upon by the recounting of his injuries. His dull orbs lighted up and burned malignantly. When she drew forth and held up to his gaze the medallion picture we have seen her exhibit in a former chapter, Catdjo's visage, contorted and red, assumed an expression of diabolical fury. A sound like the whining howl of an angry animal issued from his throat, he straightened and strained his arms at his side and gazed as if transfixed in passion.

"Can you pray?" interrogated the female, turning abruptly to the startled captive. "Then pray now. We are making for Delaware Bay. When we enter its waters, you are going overboard, with a bar of iron lashed to your feet!"

A sense of her absolute peril now centered in the young girl, and she wailed:

"I never harmed you!—we never met before! Don't do this deed—in the name of Heaven, spare me! Take me back to my friends—"

"Take her back! Hear hear, Catdjo! Ha! ha! ha!"

A guttural, chuckling, gagging sound came from Catdjo's thick lips. His face never relaxed its fierceness.

"Whoever you are," cried the now thoroughly affrighted girl, "have mercy. Let me return."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—a grating, heartless laugh; and then: "No mercy for the child of Silas Dufour! Ha! catch her! Don't let her escape!"

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind delirious with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her, Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling form in his vise-like grip.

"Not yet, Ytol Dufour!" taunted the woman voice. "You never leave this apartment till you go to your death!"

Ytol was flung backward across the cabin, tottering dizzily. She grasped blindly at a chair—missed it, and fell to the floor, rendered insensible by the shock.

At the same time there sounded a sharp rap for admittance on the door panel.

The masked female turned the key in the lock, and was confronted by the captain of the yacht: a villainous-looking fellow, with muddy eyes and a gruff voice; just the individual to aid in an abduction, or prove handy in a grosser deed.

"Come on deck," he growled.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"There's somethin' s'picious follerin' after us, like mad. I want you to see it."

She followed him on deck, and he led the way to the rudder-wheel.

"Look thar," pointing astern, "d'ye see that?"

The figure had removed the mask while ascending the short ladder, and now, by the rays of the lantern, we discover the face of Dwila St. Jean.

She gazed hard through the mark in the direction indicated. At first she could discern nothing; but, as her vision accustomed itself to the strain, she beheld something like a light, or a faintly wavering halo, that appeared to be following them closely, and which was perceptibly gaining on them.

"What is it?" Dwila asked.

"What? Well, you ain't as smart as I thought you was, for a young business gal. That 'ere's a yacht."

"Yes; an' they're after us."

"Ha! can it be we are pursued?"

"Comin' up purty lively, too," added the captain, rough and frowning.

"Are you sure?"

"Just as sure as I am that we're goin' to have a small hurricane after a bit—an' that's purty sure, isn't it? Hear the thunder?"

Dwila had paid no heed to the rapidly approaching tempest till this moment. Even as the captain spoke, a vivid flash lighted up the heavens above the sea, followed by a loud peal of thunder overhead.

"Do you hear Jove a-speakin'?"

"Change your course a little, captain," requested Dwila, oblivious to his remark, as she kept her straining eyes on the glimmer astern.

He gave a quick order to the man at the helm. The yacht fell off a point or two, rocking giddily in its new track.

The pursuing craft initiated them at once—they knew it by the motion of her light.

"Dowse that lamp some, Jack!"

The lantern was shaded instantly; and Dwila and the captain waited, in silence, to see the pursuer peering through the black surrounding.

They were missing of the line of the light-house, going by the wind fairly; they could hear the crash of the breakers on the shore. The pursuers were laying a point closer, slowly but surely lessening the parallel.

Another lightning flash!—illuminating the skies like day.

Dwila uttered a low cry.

The pursuers were close upon them; and when all was again enveloped in darkness, a brilliant light, like a luminous star, shone at the masthead of the hounding yacht.

Simultaneously, too, a rifle report rang through the massing of the winds, and a bullet gouged spitefully over the bulwark.

There was no longer any secrecy of intention on the part of those in chase.

"Guess you're satisfied now, ain't you?" snarled the captain, ducking his head as the leaden missile whizzed past.

"Are you going to take in sail?"

"Not exactly; I'll run her through under jib an' reef mains'—or go to the locker—cuss me if I don't!"

"Give her all the sail you carry," said the girl.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"I fear nothing. We must elude that yacht at the risk of our lives."

"Plucky gal, that!" commented the captain, as Dwila hastened below to confer with the Dwarf.

The storm was upon them. It came howling down with the force of a whirlwind. The yacht took it in her teeth, and stood like a supple reed in the sweeping blast. Clouds and billows of foam and spray broke over them, burying the deck in drenching currents. But she shot upward from the depths, and rode like a charmed bird amid the tumbling elements.

The light astern had disappeared.

The captain—bareheaded, long hair streaming in the gale, and with mien of an imp created for such a scene—laid hold upon the tiller, at the chains, to assist.

"Hold fast! keep her up!" he roared; and he grinned like one who has passed through many such perils, and lived to pride himself on his buoyant vessel.

CHAPTER X.

A VISION IN THE STORM.

"Tis fearful, on the broad-back'd waves, To feel them shake and hear them roar; Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves; Around, no cheerful shore."

—DANA.

"Alone in the dark, alone on the wave, To buffet the storm alone."

—SMITH.

WHEN Dwila St. Jean returned to the cabin, she found Catdjo sitting in one corner, his limbs drawn up to his chin. His teeth were chattering as if with an ague, and his Satanic features were full of an expression of fear.

Ytol had recovered from the insensibility caused by her heavy fall. She was on her knees, praying. She knew they were in a terrible storm; she heard the sounds of straining timbers, the sob of the rushing wind, and her heart beat faster as peal after peal of thunder rumbled in her ears.

But she was not terrified. The danger of the tempest was nothing compared to the presence of those who were carrying her to an inevitable doom; she knew there was a ruling God in heaven, who could protect her from the hungry elements.

The Dwarf was strangely affected. He

seemed overwhelmed with fright, and shrunk closer to the wall, each time the thunder burst.

"Get up!" cried Dwila. "Are you going to let your victim escape by turning coward? Up, I say!"

He only uttered a low, whining noise, and gazed blankly at her with his distended eyes.

She contemplated him pityingly.

Poor, miserable wretch! passed rapidly in her mind. "Whenever there is a storm, he is worse frightened than a child. And no wonder. It was in a gale like this that he became what he now is—ha! on the ocean, too. He has good cause to fear now, with a recollection of that night when he was stricken down. He has never been wholly sane since; half idiot, yet keenly alive to his thirst for vengeance."

Then, turning sharply to Ytol:

"Ay, pray on, girl. Mayhap we are all to perish together—harks and victim. Do you hear the vessel strain? If we spring a leak, we are lost. And we go down, down in the dark deep, to the cavern of monsters. Ha! ha! ha! A pleasant death! Pray for your enemies, too." She laughed in a harsh, desperate, hysterical way. "Are you not afraid to die, girl?"

Ytol heard her not. She prayed on and on, her sweet face radiant with the sublime calm of faith, her soulful blue eyes glancing the earnestness of what her lips uttered.

A moment Dwila paused, impressed, perhaps, by the young girl's attitude and whispering.

Did she think, in this hour of crisis, of that God from whose hand sped the fury of the warring winds?

Suddenly she started, and bent to listen.

Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump! Thud! Thud! Thump! fell upon her hearing; then the sound of running, scuffling feet above her. And again: thud! thump! thud! thump!

"What can it mean?" she questioned, half-aloud.

The door flew open, and the captain—wild, haggard and drenching wet—rushed in.

"It's all up!" he bellowed.

"What is the meaning of that thumping noise?" Dwila asked, calmly, though she perceived that he was greatly excited, and half-reddened the answer in his face.

"It's all up, I say! Them's the pumps—the men are working like mad. But 'tain't no use; the bow's stove, an' we're goners! Here it is, now!"

As he spoke, he pointed to a dark line of water creeping swiftly over the sill.

"D'ye see it?—here it comes, a foot a minute!"

"Can nothing be done?"

"In ten minutes we'll sink! Old Nick himself couldn't save us!"

"Surely, there must be some hope?" Her voice was not so steady; she stared, and spoke in a subdued, unnatural tone.

And, all the while, the pumps, gripped by maddened men:

Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump!

"Nary a hope!" he exclaimed. "You'd better clean out mighty quick, an' grab a spar."

Dwila's composure deserted her. The yacht was sinking; death stared them in the face.

She forgot Ytol. She forgot Catdjo; only one thing rose uppermost in her startled mind, and that, the great anxiety of self-preservation.

The water was already half an inch deep on the cabin floor!

With a cry she sprang past the demon of a captain, and up the ladder-way.

On deck, she reeled with the twitching motion of the yacht—fell—regained her feet—then disappeared on the huge wave that swept from stern to stern.

Catdjo was close behind her. He acted as if crazed, chattering and gibbering with his tongueless lips. Running fore and aft several times, tossing his arms aloft, he sprang upon the bow with a frantic leap.

The doomed craft dipped a moment, then rose again with a slow struggle—but the Dwarf was gone. A prolonged howl of despair was wafted away on the wind.

"Overboard all!" shrieked the captain, in a frenzy. "Another minute, an' we'll go down with her! Jump, you rats!—jump!"

Like diving demons the men followed him, as he seized a plank and cast himself recklessly into the waves.

The yacht whirled dizzily round in the trough of the sea, her mast fairly dipping from side to side in the towering billows that now drove her completely at their mercy.

Fiercer and fiercer howled the winds, louder and louder roared the surge, and deafening thunder belched quicker on the lightning's glare.

But where was Ytol? See!—a form in dripping white, with ghostly face, clutching at the wheel!

She was trying to right the rolling, pitching, careening craft, her small, delicate arms nigh breaking with the effort.

Her lips were sternly compressed; she faced the showering spray, and stood like a frail spirit defying the angry gods.

But she was helpless. Wave upon wave poured over the half-buried deck—the mast crashed down with a force that tore the plank and bulwarks asunder, scattering shreds and splinters round her.

Then out of the seething vortex came a mountain of water that wrenched her from her post, and carried her far, far on its bosom, away from the sucking pool of the sinking yacht.

Ytol vanished in the whirling eddies, her hands clasped, and a prayer gurgling on her lips as she went down. Then she shot upward into the storm-tost air, clinging desperately to a spar which Heaven had thrown to her grasp.

Round the fragile thing she clinched her aching arms—blind to the lightning, deaf to the thunder, scarce knowing what she did.

But suddenly her eyes opened. She heard a voice calling her name high above the roar of the ocean and the whistle of the winds.

When next the lightning lighted up her dread surrounding, she saw a figure holding to the opposite end of the spar.

"Ytol! Ytol!" rung through the pall of gloom.

Again the lightning flashed, again she saw the figure. More; she recognized a familiar face—recognized it, though she was incredulous.

"Wharfe! Wharfe Dufour!" she shrieked.

"Ytol! It is I! Hold tight, for your life, till I can work my way

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

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All by writers of unequalled popularity—each a center of interest dissimilar and peculiar—covering the wide fields of Love and Heart Life; Border and Indian Life; City Life; Domestic Life; Life in the Prison, the Palace and the Camp. What paper in America can present such a literary programme for the season? And yet, these are but a small portion of the splendid things that already are provided for the Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—"The Gem of the Weeklies."

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—"Holding the mirror up to Nature" is a very sure way to enlist attention, on or off the stage. Yet, comparatively few authors comprehend the fact that he is most celebrated and the most read who delineates life and human nature most truthfully. Mr. Aiken, aside from the intrinsic interest of his stories, and the art of his plot, is notably a keen student of nature. His stories, indeed, present a succession of life-pictures whose force and truthfulness impress the most careless reader. Referring to this element in his contributions an intelligent reader writing from Vineland, N. J., says:

"The 'Journal' is very popular here. It is what I call a clean paper. I have read aloud the Justice Court scenes in 'The Man from Texas' to a number of my friends, and they were delighted with the faithful portrait of South-western justice. Indeed, I have witnessed incidents, fully as rich, down in Georgia, since the war."

That Mr. Aiken had "been there," and photographed Arkansas life from the spot, his "Man from Texas" gives most ample assurance. It is a queer, strange story, and, in our opinion, one of the best American novels ever written, and will be so pronounced when it is reprinted on the other side of the ocean.

Many of the writers whose pens give life and interest to our paper, are writing out of their own experiences, on Sea and Land—in City and Country—among the savages and among the elite of the "Best Circles." None write so well as those who speak of what they know. To show out of what material some authors are made, we quote the following paragraphs from a letter accompanying a contribution for our columns:

"A decided love for adventure and novelty of position has caused some thirty odd years of my life to be spent in traveling the entire world, and filling positions of an anomalous character.

"I have served in twenty distinct branches of the armies of five nations—and in the navies of two. I have held appointments in hospitals, lunatic asylums, convict establishments and jails; have been employed in the police and detective service; traveled with theatrical and circus companies, besides filling quite a variety of widely different occupations of a very singular nature in various parts of the world.

"Now, in the total absence of vanity, I am sure that my memory abounds in stories, anecdotes and strange facts possessing as much amusement, interest and originality as can be found in similar writings of the day."

If this gentleman doesn't succeed as an author it certainly will not be from lack of life-adventure and experience. It may be that, like our Major Max Martine, he knows so much from his own experience that if he told the whole truth people would not believe him!

APPLICATION.

There failures that best so many individuals in this mundane sphere of ours have for their origin the lack of application, and the throwing away of the substance to seek after the shadow. We are a roving, changeable set of human beings, and, thinking we can better our condition by a change, we neglect the opportunities we have by seeking after others which we seldom obtain; whereas, were we to place our attention on the work we have before us, we should be more sure of arriving at some ultimate good than by idling our time away in the vain hope

of becoming more wealthy and famous through some undefined channel.

It is strange that, when men have sufficient means, they do not invest them in some sure enterprise instead of rushing headlong into speculations that eventually lead to their ruin.

There are authors who are not as willing to apply themselves to one work as to have many on their hands. They commence a story and arrive at the very center of it, when new ideas and plots enter their brains, and they leave the work to begin another, most likely to relinquish it as they did the first. Thus they have an amount of unfinished work upon their hands—productions which they scarcely ever complete, thereby causing them a loss of time, labor and money.

Whatever one begins he should strive to finish, or the precious moments God has given us to use will be wasted and our works good for naught.

Strict application will do more wonders for us than we are aware of. Phonography looks extremely hard at first; it appears as though it never could be mastered; but, by patience and perseverance, the student is able, ere a great while, to write a hundred words a minute and often more. Were we to give up at the first discouragement, there would never be much gained in the world; sluggards would take the place of the workers, and idleness push industry aside.

Instead of our teachers crowding so many studies into the noddies of our rising generation, would it not be better to be thorough with a few branches of education than to fill the heads of Young America with a jumble and jargon of what they can not comprehend? Fewer studies, and more time devoted to them, would give us smarter men and women, but how inconsistent does it appear to put a person into foreign languages before they are masters of their own tongue, and how ridiculous does it seem to cram algebra into those who are scarcely able to spell their own names, or to "cipher" correctly!

We should go in for progress, but we should not have "too many irons in the fire." A man who does one thing well is of more worth than he who tries half a dozen and makes a botch of them all. When you hear of some great deed done, some noble work accomplished, you may know that the result could not have been arrived at without great labor and constant application.

F. S. F.

FOREIGN OR NATIVE TALENT?

It is folly—it is a ridiculous thing, and I, for one, am ashamed of the American citizens who are guilty of this abominable bit of nonsense, and I am just going to write my sentiments in regard to the matter, because I know all sensible persons will agree with me. It has worried me a great deal, and I should have vented it some time sooner, only I wanted to see how long I could keep quiet on the affair, and I find the hour has come when I must have my say or go into a "conjunction fit."

I hate to see our people neglect our native talent and rush after that which is foreign, just as though we were ashamed of the products of our own dear country and thought that no person possessed talent except foreigners, and nothing was good in America.

A manager wants a star; he runs over to England to secure it. An Impresario desires a prima donna; he goes to Italy for her, and forgets that there is just as much talent at home as he can get abroad, but then, you know, it must be foreign to please the public. Must it? Well, then, the public are humbugs, and if any one thinks I am naughty to call names you can just tell them that Eve Lawless considers it no sin to tell the truth, whatever others may think.

Then you know this foreign flummery must have three and four times the amount of salary demanded by our own native performers, which has ever been a most impenetrable mystery to me, though I presume it is all right, and I must be woefully ignorant not to be able to see it. If now mind, I say if—foreigners are worth more than natives, let them be paid accordingly; but if we didn't patronize the former, and almost totally disregard the latter, they wouldn't be worth more to the managers, looking at the matter in a pecuniary light. We ought to take a pride in the merit of our own performers and let them have the benefit of our spare change, but we don't, and that just makes us appear foolish and inconsistent.

How some publishers delight to have English writers contribute to their publications! Would it be uncharitable to say it is because they can obtain their works for a mere nothing? It can not be because those writers are better than our American authors, for that would be a—no such thing. We have an immense amount of first-class home literary talent, and the reason that it is so little brought out is because some publishers—of course there are exceptions—who are not willing to pay writers enough to follow that profession, and you know, authors are not mortals, after all, and can not subsist upon air, though it would seem as though they were expected to do so.

Don't think me uncharitable, and that I detest foreigners. I do not. Many a noble man and woman do I know who are not of my own country, and even they often wonder why we do not use more exertion in bringing out our own talent, and patronize it when we have brought it out.

Because we are not encouraged we do not endeavor to cultivate the gifts Heaven has bestowed upon us. We say, "What is the use? we are Americans and our brothers will not give us the aid we need." A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country; but we have not the desire or the means to gain reputation away from home. We want the encouragement of those who have grown up around us, and so long as that is withheld we have no ambition to try.

Whether that speech is right or wrong is not for me to say, but such speeches are made, and until we turn over a new leaf they will continue to be made.

Let us give our own kith and kin an opportunity to make their mark, and show them how much we appreciate their endeavors, and you will find that those who are sluggish now will feel an impetus to strive manfully for the noble end to be obtained; but if you don't give them their meed of praise, how can you be so foolish as to expect them to try?

There, my good Mr. Editor, and you, patient readers, that is the cause of my perturbation, and what is the verdict you give? For or against the plea of

EVE LAWLESS?

A true indication of the popularity of an author and his works is the accession to the number of his regular readers with each new story. Probably no single story published within ten years added more to a growing list than THE WOLF DEMON, when that romance was first given publicity in the columns of this paper, three years ago. If the same result follows its second issue it will produce magnificent results, such results certainly will follow if every patron of the JOURNAL bespeaks for it the attention of friends and acquaintances. This we are quite sure our readers will do, and thus add another to the obligations which we owe to them for repeated marks of their esteem for their favorite weekly.

Foolscap Papers.

The Return of Columbus.

WHEN Ferdinand and Isabella were informed by Atlantic cable dispatch of the great discoveries made in the New World by Columbus, and that he was on his way home with all his trunks and carpet-bags and valises filled with spoils, they prepared to give him a glorious welcome.

A proud day it was for Columbus when he entered the Spanish capital with his grand procession, headed by the brass band, and made his way to the tent where Ferd and Is were waiting to receive him—excuse me, but my long acquaintance with these two royal personages has made me familiar with their names. They shook hands with him and told him to take a chair and be seated, and make himself comfortable.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clear of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He had suffered the exquisite pleasure of being interviewed by reporters for seventeen daily papers, and had his name spelled wrong in fourteen of them. He had smoked the cigar of peace with the President, who received him with great hospitality at his wigwag, and introduced him to his counselors, and made no attempt to burn him at the stake, and he had received many free tickets to concerts and theaters.

Gold! There was no end to it in the United States; it was everywhere; and of silver there was an abundance. He had bought gold watches and chains at the auction stores for little or nothing, and any amount of silver spoons at fifty cents a set, and there were plenty more left, enough to load all the White Star steamers. He said he had been completely bewildered at the abundance of the precious metals; they were everywhere.

One of the greatest discoveries he had made was of a peculiar beverage which the natives seemed very fond of, called whisky, obtained by tapping corn-stalks, and rectifying the juice; he begged to present his monarch with a choice bottle of it, sworn to be ten years old and not inferior. Ferd swallowed the marvelous story and the contents of the bottle, and got exhilarated, and said Columbus was a bully boy, and that the beverage was the best article to make a fellow walk Spanish he had ever tasted. This was the proudest moment of Columbus's life.

He called Ferd's attention to the group of natives who had come along with him on their road to the Vienna Exposition, tricked out in the most gorgeous array—the male Aborigines in swallow-tailed coats and plug hats, patent leather boots and much watch seal; the females in all the glory of the native American fashions. Queen Is was perfectly charmed at their rich apparel, and was greatly surprised to hear that wives of the poorest husbands there dressed equally as fine or got a divorce.

Columb regretted exceedingly that he could not get a chance to get Captain Jack and his troop of Modocs to accompany him home. He said Jack was a laval-fellow and always in for killing sport, and was very proud to say that he had a long pa-lava with him, and found him to be a gentleman of the most Aborigine stamp.

Barnum hadn't time, either, to go home with him, but sent him a complimentary to his show.

Everywhere he went he was kindly received, and none of the natives ran away and hid in the woods, as was reported. He held many councils with the chiefs and grand sachems, and told them to be peaceful and he would not harm them; and gave many presents to them, for which they were very grateful. He told them that he had taken possession of the United States in the name of his sovereign, who would be proud to call them his subjects, and that every year he would come over again and distribute annuities to them, receiving contributions in return of gold and silver, pound for pound.

When he was ready to start away he called all the Governors of the States together in grand council and smoked the farewell pipe of peace with them, and told them, through an interpreter, that he would leave them in charge of their tribes, and asked they would try to preserve good order and let the United States in the name of his sovereign, who would be proud to call them his subjects, and that every year he would come over again and distribute annuities to them, receiving contributions in return of gold and silver, pound for pound.

I hope these descriptive notes of what I saw at that opening will not make my readers sigh for those unattainable beauties in the way of "creations and productions" that make up one of our fall fashion orations. I hope you will all conclude that you can trim your own hats and bonnets. It will lessen the cost fully two-thirds, and with a little taste and patient study of a fashion plate, or cuts, such as are seen in all our fashion papers, you can easily accomplish that coveted possession—a love of a bonnet—without spending more than four or six dollars. For eight or ten dollars you can get the material for just such a bonnet as would cost you fully twenty-five or thirty dollars at the store where I attended that opening during the Wall Street panic of last month.

I do not wish to cheat milliners of their due amount of custom, but in such times as these, when a lady must pay at least fifteen dollars for a genteel hat or bonnet, I think it is time we were beginning to devote ourselves to a little "home production" of artistic millinery.

EMILY VERDERY.

fluous luxuries at such a time as this. But a feeling of sympathy for the merchant who had added this millinery department to his establishment for the first time, induced me to take a second thought and go.

"Live and learn," I now say to myself. My readers, I learned that day what a prime necessity a new bonnet is, under any circumstances, when the time comes that fashion demands that a woman must have one. In less than ten minutes after entering the store, as I stood bewildered at the magnificence of the new "creations and productions," and the ceaseless throng of the devotees of fashion flowing in, to gaze upon them and admire, I saw ten of those costly wonders sold at prices varying from \$15 to \$50—and each paid for them at that. Not less than \$1000 was paid for bonnets at that store during the morning, so I was informed by the head man-milliner; for Harry Taylor is not the only man-milliner in New York. I found that my merchant did not need my sympathy; but I thought my sex were entitled to my pity, and their husbands to every one's commiseration.

Yet, although I deprecate that insane adoration of a "love of a bonnet," so inherent in the feminine mind, I am going to cater to the passion by describing some of those bonnets or the general effect they made on my mind, for the readers of the WOMAN'S WORLD. For full well do I know that, if women will buy bonnets when financial ruin is staring the whole world in the face, the dearest topic to the feminine soul must be—bonnets, whether they can afford to buy them or not.

There were a variety of shapes displayed at this opening, but three leading styles seemed most in favor. The first was a modified Rabagas—that is, a bonnet with a broad and high crown and an upturned brim, standing out from the crown, while the back recedes and fits closely and flat over the back part of the head. In one or two of these bonnets I observed a shade back of the brim cut entirely away and the crown scooped out also, to permit the hair to fill up the space.

The second style is similar to the old Marie Antoinette, with a coronet brim and very full face trimmings under the brim.

Third shape is the "Directoire," a new style, with a projecting brim shading the abundant fall trimmings.

There are hats, also, in new shapes: one, the Madame Angot, has a full, soft crown of silk, and an upturned brim extending all around, and indented on the sides and in front. The trimmings of velvet and feathers are so arranged as to display, not hide the shape of the crown-like crown. Another French fancy is the "Inevitable." Its brim is turned up behind, projecting in front, and turned up at the sides. The trimmings, one long ostrich plume floating over the crown, a band of velvet and a cut steel dagger stuck under the band on one side, on the other a bow of ribbon, under the brim, and a bunch of three large red roses.

The English walking-hat, in felt or velvet, with brim projecting low, front and back, and turned up high on the sides, is at once stylish and elegant, and is destined to be very popular.

It is already seen on Broadway and the avenue more frequently than any other shape.

The favorite colors for both hats and bonnets are shades of dark bluish grays, called slate color, and a deep, dull green, named "myrtle." The odious sage colors are at last banished. Full tints of all colors in deep shades are preferred to neutral or light ones.

Silk and velvet are employed more in trimming both hats and bonnets than ribbons. The strings of course are of ribbon. Brass scarfs and large bows of silk form the trimming of many stylish hats, with a spray of rich roses behind the left ear, under the brim. A plume may be added, but it is not considered necessary.

Out steel ornaments are sparingly used by tasteful milliners, the dagger ornament being the most in favor.

There is a wider range permitted in the use of bright colors, pale shades, steel ornaments and various kinds of flowers for evening hats and bonnets. Shaded plumes in pale tints waving over bouquets of roses, violets and forget-me-nots, are seen on these evening hats. Lace is not used on them, nor on the street hats, but sparkling ornaments of cut steel glitter among their delicate tinted trimmings.

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EMILY VERDERY.

A BRILLIANT AND EXCITING

Romance of a Noble Female Spy!

There will soon be commenced in our columns

NADIA,

The Russian Spy;

OR,
THE BROTHERS OF THE STARRY CROSS.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "DOUBLED-DEATH," ETC.

A Princess of the noble house of Gallitzin, during the Crimean War and the celebrated Siege of Sebastopol, it was reported, in "official circles," played the role of spy effectively, in the Allied Camps, as to greatly prolong the siege and frequently to thwart the English and French movements in a most mysterious manner.

This episode has been generally suppressed, but was ascertained by Capt. Whittaker, during his army service, to be substantially true. It is here made the basis of a romance of a specially brilliant and exciting character—vying, in many respects, with the great sensations of Victor Hugo!

Nadia is a magnificent creature—with all the tenderness of woman and the brave soul of a proud race of boys, who works out her own destiny and the destruction of her greatest enemy in a way that makes her a heroine in a double sense.

The story is almost minutely true in its historical delineations and war pictures, yet makes all these deeply interesting episodes only contribute to the deeper interest of her own dangerous and restless movements and experiences.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only if express stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or finesse; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it profitable to send us their contributions. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions we shall have to decline—returning such only as have been stamped for such return, viz.: "The One-armed Brigand," "Polly," "The Village Belle," "My First Kangaroo Hunt," "The Partisan," "More Luckless than Plucky," "The First Novel," "Mersey's Door," "Patent Outside," "A Dear Good," "Don't You Wish You Could," "A Sister's Wrong," "The Doctor's Last Call," "The Great Catch of the Season," "A Lively Time at a Funeral," "Old Spokes and Hubs," "Doggery," "A Snatch on a Smiling Hillside," "Eulonia," "A Lump of Clay," "Broken Shirts," "A Bird Song."

We shall place on the accepted list: "Be Conqueror," "Seth Martin's Escape," "Dead-Man's Falls," "Pink Benly," "Linkin," "Fisherman's Love," "The Swamp Fox," "The Silver Stream Tragedy," "The Plymouth Outlaw," "The Stolen Mustang," "Memories of Home," "Forsaken," "Flowers of Time," "MS. rolled as tight as a cigar is, usually, tossed aside to await the editor's half-hour of patience and good nature requisite to untwist the roll and peruse the curled-up pages.

Author's address stuck in some obscure place on a MS. is very apt to be overlooked. Always write full name and post-office on first page of the MS.

BRUNY P. There is such a book, we think, as the one you name. Write to Mr. Carey, Philadelphia, or to the American News Co., N. Y.

G. M. The New York University School of Engineers and Mining is the school for you. Its cost we can not state. Write to the Secretary of the University for Catalogue.

W. P. R. Your little sketch is quite good enough for use, but we do not care to add any more of that class of matter to our paid list.

CECILIA. It seems to us that your course is plain. The independence of proprietorship, in your case, certainly is preferable to the dependency of the employee. With capital, land and taste for the noble calling of staple production, what more can you ask? Leave "clerking" to those who can not do any thing else and become a "lord of the soil."

LUKE G. Glad to have the reassurance you give. So many literary impostures are sent out that we receive a contribution from an unknown person we necessarily are on our guard. To question the originality of a contribution is no cause for anger. It is the editor's only safe course when a doubt exists in his mind.

CECILIA. We are not disposed to sympathize with the miserable flunkeyism so prevalent among our fashionable people that leads them to worship every thing that is French. The French are not so much to be admired as facts are. So common is the French now become, as the language of fashion, that it is almost a necessity for every lady to know a few words of French. Let us study French even if you have to neglect German, which you seem to prefer.

IGNATIUS R. E. There are really no "cheap colleges" in the Eastern States. You may have to go to some of the Western States Universities for really good educational advantages. Tuition, in most of those institutions is merely nominal. The chief expense is in board and books. The Michigan State University, at Ann Arbor, is, doubtless, one of the best institutions in the country for a broad and thorough scholarship, or for education in speciality. We would go to no other.

MARY A. We see no reason why you should not become a wait-girl in a respectable eating-house. A large number of very nice girls, in this city, are now engaged in "waitings." In some "saloons" there is danger of meeting with a rough class of customers, and the quiet danger of hearing impudent language; but, in the eating-houses which only respectable people frequent, the service of wait-girls is a noble and honorable one. The hours of service are usually from eight A. M. to four P. M., and the pay about eight dollars per week.

DUNSTON S. O. R. There is no impropriety in any gentleman writing a letter to a lady, and in a lady replying, and in the pleasure of a correspondence. It is for the lady, of course, to decide as to the propriety of accepting the overture, and in concluding the letter to take no umbrage, for it is one of woman's reserved rights to conduct her affairs de cour in her own way without question.

FRANCES. You say you have quarreled with your lover and pride prevents you from making advances for a reconciliation. A thousand sad hints rise that are unwritten commenced in this first quarrel, and the instant pride that prevented a reconciliation, and the instant one word of advice, and that is become reconciled at once. If he is a true gentleman he will meet your advances with no thought of bitterness for what caused estrangement.

OWEN R. E. We can use most of the matter sent, but do not care to pay for the verses. The two sketches we do not find available.

McCLYMORE. We have no objections to giving an occasional good dialogue in our columns, but a good dialogue is even rarer than a good serial. So much trash is peddled out to school children, and the protection of school dramas, that it is a surprise when we come upon a really proper and admirable little drama or dialogue. The effort appears to be to crowd as much absurd and impossible speech and action as possible into a twenty minutes' performance. A dialogue ought to be just as true in its character, action and speech as life itself, and only such ought to be permitted on the school or stage. Of all dialogues and minor dramas offered, at any price, "Barnum's Dixie Dialogues"—Nos. 10 to 13—contain more that we adapt and use than any other. They are printed, and their great sale attests the fact that teachers and pupils alike prefer the true in wit, humor, pathos and melodrama to the preposterous and absurd.

ANNOYANCE. A letter from a gentleman from the United States was in the year 1819, we believe. The aeronaut was M. Giffle, who went up at Vauxhall Garden, New York city, and descended from the balloon by means of a parachute, landing upon Long Island in a field, while the balloon went on into the State of Connecticut.

FARMER. Numerous things are said to be cures for snake bites, but of none of them can we speak knowledge; yet, as you say, the remedy is a very simple one, remedy, which is said to be the most certain cure: apply to the bite tobacco of the strongest kind, and keep the application on until the pain is so great that you cannot possibly as he can swallow, until a change for the better is noted in the bite.

ENGINEER. There is no extra postage due on a letter sent to a person who has moved away from the place to which it is first addressed. Let the M. directed the letter on the same envelope and it will go free.

PEDANT. Exemplary Moses, the most ancient and authentic cosmogony extant is that of Sancho Panza, of Phoenicia—probably the same as the one which was current about 800 years before Christ. The only account of the creation or origin of our globe, is that furnished by Moses in the first chapter of the Pentateuch. It is a very simple and unassuming account, and is the only one that has been brought to Great Britain a vast number of bricks inscribed in characters, which, on being deciphered, give a new version of creation. It is a startlingly like the Mosal account, which proves that both were really drawn from the same source. (The Assyrian antedates the Israelite version by several centuries.)

REMI. H. The quotation you refer to probably is the following from Sir Wm. Jones:

"Seven hours to law;
To soothe the agonies of seven;
Ten to the world's altar,
And all to Heaven."

G. L. H. If you apply a microscope to a good daguerotype miniature it will appear as a life-like bust, giving the natural color of the hair, eyes and dress, and the natural expression of the countenance.

L. V. D. An old work before us answers your question; and we give with it likewise the weight of other men than George Washington. According to the Revolutionary period: General Washington's weight was 209 pounds; General Lincoln weighed 224 pounds; General Knox weighed 240 pounds; General Mifflin weighed 233 pounds; General Lincoln weighed 224 pounds; General Swift weighed 240 pounds; Colonel Mifflin weighed 224 pounds. Surely there were giants in those days, according to the above figures.

THEODORE. Sunburn is frequently most painful and attended at times with disagreeable results, when the impurity of the blood causes it to break into sores. A good wash for sunburn is 2 drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half-ounce of sugar and a pound of oil of sweet almonds, and stir three times a day for a week or two, when it will appear clear and transparent; after which strain through blotting paper and bottle up for use.

TOX. Turpentine, applied thoroughly with a piece of clean flannel, will remove grease from velvet or cloth; rub until quite dry, brush the part well, and hang garment in the sun to destroy the smell of the turpentine.

A STORY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

The old manor-house seemed to frown in the night, and the moon came, so ghostly and pale. Threw out their deep shadows as if in fright. And the wind gave a desolate wail.

In her chamber aloft in the lonely old tower, Fair Ethel sat pale as one dead. For a week from that night, at the very same hour, She should marry—her guardian how said.

Old Simpkins, the banker, had asked for her hand To give to young Roger, his son, "Twirl join our estates—'tis a fine piece of land," Said her guardian, "his well—count it done."

But the old heads in plotting never thought of young hearts; And so, in the sequel you'll find, Two hearts bound together in prison of love Are a match for a dozen, combined.

On the river, that ran by her father's estate, Harry Blow—pilot brought down the mill, And Ethel, to see him, each day as he passed, On the river dock stood without fail.

At first 'twas the papers, and then a bouquet, That he brought from the town up above; Then a letter, and long ere a twelvemonth had passed, They had both of them fallen in love.

So, when Ethel heard of her terrible fate, She went to the dock in the morn, And Harry was frightened to see his dear mate Sit weeping alone, all forlorn.

She told him her story; he stamped both his feet; Then bright, happy, and bold, he said, "I know, For he jumped up and said: 'Ethel, mine, meet me here.'"

When he brought up the mail from below, "Be ready to travel; and, Ethel, my dear, You may as well make up your mind, For trouble, for, if your old guardian should hear, Be sure he'll not be far behind!"

So a week passed away and all was prepared, And the guests were awaiting the bride; Ethel stole from her room, and down on the dock, And Harry stood there by her side.

The time came and passed; no Ethel came down; Young Roger looked nervously round; And old Simpkins wondered, the guests looked surprised, And her guardian muttered and growled.

When a servant came in with a pale, frightened face, And said, "Miss Ethel here to-night With a bundle of clothes, and she's now on the dock, And the mail-boat is coming in sight."

"Bring my horse," cried the guardian, "and mine," said the son; "She shall not get away from us so; 'Tis only a mile from the river to here, We can beat the old mail-boat, I know."

"And then, Mister Sallor, look out for yourself, For there's a cheery wedding in the air; Quoth the guardian: 'We'll catch him, and, Roger, my boy, He'll rue it for many a day.'"

But Harry looked back and saw them approach, And then in the air there was a shout; A rocket, and up from the deck of the boat Rose another, of crimson and green.

Said Harry, "They see us; now let them come on! The boys with the boat will be first, For they're coming along at a terrible rate; Now, Ethel, prepare for the worst."

The rivers come thundering down o'er the hill, And have now but a half-mile to run, But the boat's at the dock, she stops—she has gone—They're aboard, and the wild race is won!

A curse from the guardian, a yell from the son, And a cheer from the hands on the shore, And Harry and Ethel, high up on the deck, Are the happiest couple afloat!

Says Harry, "My friends, there's a parson aboard, I engaged him below at the town, So we'll have a fine wedding, the captain, I know, Will see that the thing's done up brown."

In a neat little cot on the mossy hillside, With the beautiful river in view, Live Harry and Ethel, now happy and free; Long live to lovers so true!

A Wife's Cure.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Married, oh? well, Phil, I must give vent to my candid opinion and say I think you are a fool."

"Indeed, you're mistaken! Just wait until you see my wife before you express yourself. Why, Tom, she's one—no, she's the very nicest, prettiest little woman that ever you saw."

Mr. Philip Graham, the husband of three months, looked down on his bachelor friend with an expression of supremest pity.

"Oh, doubtless," returned Tom Anderton. "And I suppose she don't lead you by the nose, or anything?"

How innocently meek he asked that question; how wistfully the young husband fired up!

"Tom, don't insult her! As if my dearest little Clara would undertake to guide me, or dictate to me in any of my affairs! No, indeed, Tom Anderton, Mrs. Graham understands too thoroughly the duties and requirements of a wife to attempt such unwelcome proceedings."

"And, of course, Mr. Philip Graham is so perfect a husband that he thoroughly understands all the little delightful deceptions that can be practiced on these trusting wives? I tell you what it is, Phil, I don't admire these nubby-pammy women who daren't object when their little lords smoke in the parlor, or—"

"But Clara's not that sort, either. I tell you, come home to dinner with me and see for yourself. I've sent home a pair of chickens for a roast. You like that?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Phil better. Yes, I'll drop in the office again about five, and run up with you."

At exactly six that evening Tom Anderton sat opposite "Mrs. Phil," politely staring at the vision of loveliness, grace and piquancy, she presented.

She was a fair-haired little woman, with dark violet eyes, and statuesque cheeks; and she had enhanced all this fairy-like sweetness of hers with wearing a light-blue silk dress, trimmed with dark-blue; lace collar and cuffs, scarce whiter than her throat and hands.

And Tom tried his best to hide his admiration, fearful lest Phil should, in a burst of triumph, step on his pet corn under the table.

"Clara, I have to run down to New Mills to-morrow on urgent business. I may be obliged to stay till the day but one after, so just throw a couple of shirts and handkerchiefs in my valise, will you, dear?"

Tom instantly noted the shadow that flitted across her face.

"Again, Phil? I had an idea that New Mills was not much of a place for business. I'll see to the valise."

Then they got to talking, and Mrs. Graham gracefully excused herself, while the gentlemen drank their champagne and smoked.

"You see, Tom, I told you it was all right, whatever I said, bless her sweet face! I'm going down for a night off to-morrow; there's a ball to be held at the new depot at New Mills, and almost all the railway officials of this division of the Erie will attend."

"But why not take Mrs. Phil?" Phil shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Oh, well, you see, Tom, a fellow don't want to be found tied to a—"

"To 'the nicest, prettiest, sweetest little woman that ever lived,' eh?" Graham blushed a little.

"That's so, but—"

"Let me finish it for you, Phil. It's a shame to call a shadow to that sweet face of your wife. She's a loving, trusting little creature, Phil, and I think you give her a worse heartache than you imagine."

"Go on; I'm not of a jealous disposition."

"No; you know what I mean. Take my

advice, and either stay at home or take Clara with you."

Just then Clara came in. "I've laid out your things, ready for to-morrow. Don't stay longer than you can help, will you, Phil?"

"Drive me over to the new depot."

It was a splendid-looking little lady, with jet-black hair and rich brunette skin, with which the dark-blue eyes contrasted beautifully.

"All right, Miss—"

The Jehu paused inquiringly. "That's of no consequence, only I'm Miss Milford, and want you to drive me over to the ball-room in the depot just as quick as you can."

The bonny little lady leaned back against the leathern cushions and laughed to herself all the way.

"It's the most blessed piece of luck that it's a mask ball; and won't I give him one lesson, thanks to Mr. Anderton?"

By which remark it may be perceived that Clara Graham was on her husband's track, with a dyed complexion and hair to aid her.

She adjusted her mask in the dressing-room, and went boldly in.

Fortune was on her side, for five minutes later, she recognized Phil, in evening dress and a mask that barely covered his face; but then he hadn't expected to meet any one who would know him, even if it were off.

Clara had been dancing with a fierce-looking brigand chief, to whom she pointed her husband out.

Who is that stylish gentleman yonder, leaning beside that pillar? Couldn't he be introduced? I do admire him so much!

The handsome brigand wished his little silver-starred, ebon-robed Night were as enthusiastic over him, but he answered with a very good grace:

"That? I believe it is Conductor Graham, of 45. I've no doubt he'll be greatly delighted to make the charming acquaintance of Miss—"

Jehu-like, he paused for an answer. "Oh! Miss Milford."

And five minutes later Phil was bowing deeply before the petite lady, thanking her for her condescending kindness. Such a flirtation as that was! Clara learned so confidently against him, and Phil squeezed her hand so tenderly, and then implored her to dance with him the rest of the evening.

"But I'm afraid I wouldn't do," she laughed. "Your sweetheart—or wife, if you have one, might sweetly object, you know."

She spoke so carelessly, but Phil started. "Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in the room."

"Wicked fellow! but then, he wasn't anything but a man, and they don't often hesitate at such things!"

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I hope you're not so foolish as that! Why, you don't know who I am, or what I look like."

"I'll risk 'em both," said he, gallantly. "Such a figure and arm only could belong with a perfect face. Besides, I always did admire brunettes; the style is so different from my—sister's."

He nearly caught himself, and that mythical "sister" almost choked Clara to death.

"If I only might have a tress of that lovely hair, Miss Milford—or a spongle off your dress, or a glove—something to remind me of the exquisite bliss of to-night."

"You shall, certainly, if I may claim something in return."

Ah, that was a little awkward! Just suppose whatever he gave this little charmer should, by some horrid fatality, get back to his wife?

But this same little charmer must not be ill-used after her fresh, sweet confidences.

"There's not much a gentleman wears that would be acceptable to a lady, Miss Milford—suppose I give you a pass on the road for a quarter?"

She laughed merrily. "That's very matter-of-fact, isn't it? Well, I'll accept it. Give me your knife and I'll cut off a curl."

And so Clara's curl—her dyed curl—was transferred to her husband's pocket-book, and inside her glove was slipped the free pass for Miss Milford between New Mills and New York.

Breakfast was just on the table the next morning when Phil Graham came in, pale and tired-looking—very unlike golden-haired, lily-skinned Clara, who was gravely pouring her cup of chocolate.

"Oh, Phil, dear, I'm so glad you're home so soon! Poor fellow! You look awfully jaded! You have been working too hard while you're gone."

She kissed him, and then he sat down in his easy-chair.

"Just give me some chocolate, Clara; I'm late for my train up, I'm afraid."

He drew out his pocket-book to get the key to wind his watch, and clinging to it came the black curl.

"Why, Phil, where on earth did you get that?"

Clara made a dive and snatched it from him. "It ain't mine, you know. Buckley, up at the New Mills, sent it down by me to have it made into a chain for him."

"Oh! said Clara, sweetly. "That reminds me," she said, comely, and she handed her husband Miss Milford's pass.

He took it carelessly, looked once—started, blushed, then stared at Clara.

The tears were in her eyes, and her lips were quivering.

"Oh, Phil," she said, and leaned down on his shoulder. "Oh, Phil, how could you last night? It nearly broke my heart."

But Phil sat and frowned and stared, utterly discomfited. "What does it mean, anyhow?" he asked.

"I went to New Mills, dear, too. I am Miss Milford; I gave you that hair. Shall I wash off the dye? Oh, Phil, I'll forgive you if you'll never do it again!"

And our wretched, for it, Conductor Philip Graham never did do it again!

The Man from Texas:

OR,

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY,"

"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPER," "ACROSS SPAIN," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM CROW.

ALL four of the outlaws started at the sound. "It's all right!" exclaimed Ozark; "it's that young imp. He's got something to say, or he wouldn't come at this time. I'll go for him in the dug-out."

The outlaw left the shanty, and his confederates soon heard the light dip of his paddle in the waters of the dark lagoon.

Within five minutes Ozark was back again, accompanied by a light "yellow boy," about fifteen years old, with curly hair, and an expression of low cunning upon his irregular, evil-looking features.

"Hello, Jim Crow!" exclaimed Fayette, as the mulatto stepped within the circle of light; "what brings you here?"

It was the grandson of old Uncle Snow who had entered the abode of the outlaw.

"I came arter you, Massa Fayette," the boy replied with a grin. "I see you and Massa Foxcroft dere walk down the street 'bout nine o'evening, an' I spected dat you was gwine to come to dis yere place to see Massa Ozark."

"What do you want?" Fayette asked, totally unable to guess the boy's purpose in seeking him in the swamp at such an hour.

"Does you know dat Massa Texas, General Smith's overseer?" the boy asked.

All were astonished at this question, and even King Congo pricked up his ears to listen.

"Yes, of course I know him; what of it?" Fayette demanded.

"He come to see my gran'fader to-night. I was up stairs jes' gwine fur to sleep when he come in. I heerd him tell de ole man dat he had somethin' ticular to say to him dat he didn't want nobody fur to hear; so when de ole man come up, I made out dat I was fas' asleep, an' jes' heerd de 'hole on it. Dere was a yaller nigger named Jupiter an' he left a tin box full of somethin' wid de ole man for dis yere Massa Texas fur to come and git, an' he's gwine to guve de ole man a hundred dollar fur it; an' it's somethin' to do wid a gemmen dat was killed in de war-time afore de Yanks come, an' de overseer, Massa Texas, an' my ole man is gwine arter de box de furst 'ting in de mornin', afore de sun am up."

Fayette and Ozark had exchanged glances when he had spoken of a man being killed, but neither Foxcroft nor Congo, intent on the boy's story, had noticed the evident understanding.

"Where is the box concealed?" Fayette asked.

"In de ole cabin on de Mulberry creek road, right on de edge ob de swamp," Jim Crow answered.

"I know the place!" exclaimed Ozark; "I've slept there a hundred times."

"Yes, I know where it is situated, too; I have noticed it when I have been riding by on the road," Fayette said, abstractedly, evidently lost in reflection. Then he raised his head and addressed the boy. "Did you hear them say where about in the cabin the box was hidden?"

"No, sar."

"We kin find it easy 'nough!" asserted the outlaw. "Thar ain't nothing to the cabin but four walls, a mud-floor an' part of a roof."

"I thought maybe dat der might be somethin' goin' on in dat yere box dat you'd like fur to have, an' so I done come to tell you all 'bout it," the boy said.

"Jim Crow, you're jes' the smartest little nig that thar is in dis yere county!" exclaimed Ozark. "Ef you keep on, you'll be hung, sure."

The yellow-boy grinned at the dubious compliment.

"Ozark, I reckon that you and I had better go after this box; it may contain something of importance; and then again, it may not amount to any thing at all. It will do no harm, though, to look after it," said Fayette.

"I suppose, Foxcroft, that you don't care to tramp five or six miles in the swamp?" The fat storekeeper fairly shuddered at the idea.

"Bless me, no!" he cried. "It is quite bad enough to tramp out here, without trying my luck any further in the swamp. I always contrive to step into some cursed mud-hole that I never discover until I am up to my knees in water. And then, to-night, I came within an inch of trading on a black snake that looked as big round as my arm."

"Nuffin but a common black snake; they don't bite," Ozark said.

"How the deuce was I to know?" exclaimed Foxcroft, sharply; "I didn't stop to ask him whether he'd bite or not; I couldn't have jumped any higher if it had been a rattlesnake, or a moccasin; and when I came down, I lost my balance and went over flat on my back in a nest of brambles that nearly tore me all to pieces. I repeat what I said when I came here before: I am not coming here again if I can help myself."

"Well, try and arrange that all right," Fayette remarked. "You can go back to town, while Ozark and I will proceed to the cabin, and search for the tin box."

"Yes; Jim Crow here can guide me through the swamp; I should never find my way alone," Foxcroft said. "Of course if there are any valuables in the box, I depend upon you to give me a fair share."

Fayette and Ozark exchanged a meaning glance again.

"Certainly," Fayette said.

"Of course," Ozark added; "and if you ain't satisfied, maybe I'll throw in some of my share, too," and then the outlaw indulged in a "howl" of laughter, much to the surprise of Foxcroft, who didn't see any thing funny in the observation; but he was too well used to the peculiar moods of the ruffian to question him.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I shall be perfectly satisfied with my own share without robbing you."

Ozark ferried over Foxcroft and Jim Crow and returned for Fayette, leaving King Congo in solitary possession of the swamp lair, there to nurse his bruises and meditate dire vengeance upon the strong-armed Man from Texas.

Concealing the dug-out amid the brush that fringed the lagoon, Ozark and Fayette proceeded in a north-west direction through the swamp.

Foxcroft and Jim Crow had gone off toward the landing, leading to the south-west.

Ozark led the way; he had the entire faculty of seeing in the dark, and Fayette followed close behind, treading, Indian fashion, in his footsteps.

"How far is it?" asked Fayette.

"I thought it couldn't be much further. I said five, though, to frighten off Foxcroft. I knew that he would never stand a tramp like that. You think that we can discover the box?"

"I reckon we kin. I've got a chunk of fat-wood that we kin light with a match. I think I know whar it's hid. The last time I bunked in thar, I noticed a hole in one of the logs near a corner of the cabin, jes' as if a big grub had bored it out. I reckon that it was a human, though."

"I say, Ozark, what do you suppose that tin box contains?" asked Fayette, abruptly.

"A bill of sale of a horse, or something of that kind, with your name and mine scratched on the back of it," Ozark suggested.

"You think, then, that the overseer, Texas, is the son of—"

"Of dat Texan drover that you an' me knew in sixty-three," said Ozark, bluntly, finishing the speech of the other.

"He does look like him," Fayette observed.

"I noticed the resemblance the moment I set eyes on the cuss that night, in Gol Adair's cabin; an' when I heered him tell whar footed

him hyer, I reckoned that thar was trouble ahead."

Very few more words passed between the two until they emerged from the swamp and stood in the moonlight before the deserted cabin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

AFTER leaving old Uncle Snow's shanty the overseer proceeded straight to the plantation. The moon was now rising slowly, and lighted up his homeward way.

"To-morrow the paper will be in my hands," Texas thought, as he strode onward with vigorous steps, "and then I shall be able to close the account, perhaps. There's no telling, though, but that the party whose name I shall find traced in characters of blood, is dead or gone far away from here. Speculation now is only idle guess-work. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, I shall know the truth."

It did not take the overseer very long with his lengthy legs to get over the distance between Uncle Snow's cabin and the plantation.

Not a living soul did he meet along the road, and as he came up the carriage-way leading to the house, he saw the light coming from the window of General Smith's library, which proved that the owner of the plantation had not yet retired to rest.

The library was on the first floor, and, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window as he advanced, Texas did not notice the white-robed figure keeping its vigil at the window on the second story.

Missouri had watched and waited for the return of the overseer.

She saw him come up the avenue, heard him enter the house and ascend the stairs to his room, then heard the noise of the door as he closed it behind him, and after that, silence reigned supreme.

Missouri, sitting in a low rocking-chair by the open window, resting her head upon her hand, gazed out dreamily upon the rising moon and reflected.

That the thoughts of the girl were not very pleasant was evident from the slight frown that arched her brows and shut the lips so tightly together.

"Where has he been, I wonder?" she murmured, tapping her slippers with her foot, and looking toward the floor. "He went toward the landing, I am sure. I wonder if he went to see some girl?" And then, the frown upon her face deepened, and the full, red under lip was compressed spitefully between the little white teeth. "It's no business of mine, I suppose, but I would like to know though."

Then she rose to her feet and walked up and down the room for a few minutes with a restless, impatient motion.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I suppose that I had better go to bed. I wish I had never seen this fellow; he annoys me dreadfully, and he's only an overseer too. I wish that Will Fayette or some other gentleman had been riding out that morning to pull me out of the river. This fellow, too, doesn't seem to understand that it is quite a condescension for me to treat him as politely as I do; he doesn't seem to notice it at all. If I was as black as the ace of spades instead of being a pretty girl, as every one says I am, he couldn't take less notice of me."

Then Missouri walked to the swinging glass of the bureau; the rays of the rising moon, growing stronger and brighter each coming minute, shone into the apartment and gave light enough to enable the girl to see her face in the glass.

"I'm not so ugly, I know!" she mused. "I wonder if this is the best way to wear my hair?" she murmured, in a way that plainly betrayed profound thought, and resting both elbows on the bureau she gazed pensively into the glass for a few minutes, while she pondered over the important question.

Then, with a sudden motion, she raised her hands and removing the hairpins allowed the magnificent jet-black tresses to stream down over her shoulders.

"That is the way I looked when—" then the girl paused and blushed up to her temples; she was annoyed that one subject ran ever in her thoughts. "What a goose I am!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "I really believe that I am bewitched. I can think of nothing but of being pulled out of the water by this fellow. I wish that he had let me staid where I was. I'd better go to bed!" And with this abrupt declaration, Missouri proceeded at once to disrobe.

But, even when attired for slumber, and kneeling in prayer by the bedside, the image of the red-coated overseer would come to her despite her determination not to think of him.

Missouri's slumbers, that night, were light and broken. With the first shrill crow of trumpet-tongued chanticleer, the herald of the coming morn, the girl awoke. Turning over restlessly on her side, she endeavored to compose herself to sleep again, and just as she had closed her eyes with intent to woo the presence of balmy slumber's chin, the opening of a door, followed by the cautious tread of a man's footsteps, caught her attention. She sat bolt upright in bed and listened for a moment. Her ears had not deceived her; she heard the step of the overseer.

"Why, it is not yet light," she murmured; "where can he be going at this hour?"

To jump up and wrap a loose robe around her was but the work of a second; then she sprang to the window, her little white feet patter almost noiselessly upon the floor-matting.

She heard the stairs creak under the descending tread, heard the man unlock the front door—the key of the massive old-fashioned lock always shrieked as if in torture when it turned in the wards—and then descend the steps, and watched him as in the dull gray light—almost as thick as the gloom of the night, he walked down the carriage-way toward the main road.

Missouri watched him until he was out of sight. Great was the wonder in the young girl's mind. No sleep for her that morning. She dressed herself, and a hundred times she put the mental question, "What does it mean?"

The overseer, proceeding straight down to the road, and at the junction of the private way with the main one, he found old Uncle Snow waiting for him.

"Good-mornin', sar," said the negro, touching the hat politely. "Ise on time you see, sar."

"Yes; I'm a little later than I intended," Texas replied; "let's paddle ahead at once."

Onward the two went, at a pretty brisk pace. The old negro was a good walker, despite his age.

Just as the streaks of light were beginning to live the eastern skies, the two came in sight of the deserted cabin by the borders of the swamp.

"Dar she am!" exclaimed the black, pointing to the house.

"I never thought to bring a light," Texas said.

"I did, sar," Uncle Snow said; "Ise got de end ov a candle an' some matches in my pocket."

The two entered the old ruin. The negro lighted the bit of candle, then went to the north-west corner of the cabin.

"Here it am, sar," he said, getting down on his knees and examining the lower log.

Texas bent over him. He noticed a small cavity in the log, but it did not seem to be over an inch deep.

"Is that it?" he asked, pointing to the hollow in the log.

"No, sar," the negro answered; "dat is only fur to mark de place whar de box is, in case we done forgot it."

Then the negro dug his nails into the bark of the log about three inches from the hollow spot, and pulled up a piece of bark about four inches long by two wide, which revealed a little cavity underneath, in which reposed a tin tobacco-box.

The manner in which the hiding-place had been arranged was simple enough. A piece of bark had been carefully cut out, the cavity dug out underneath, and then the bark had been returned to its former place and firmly pressed down.

Texas put in. They use a good deal of gold and silver where he came from, even now," said Winnie. "I remember, too, I heard coins jingle in his pocket as he sat down that night in your cabin."

"I reckon you're right, an' you don't get nary dollar out of this chile on a sure thing," Gol replied.

"S'pose you drop 'nother quarter in and make squirrel fetch—how's dat?" Pete asked, for the first time taking part in the conversation.

"I swow, that is a good idee!" the old hunter exclaimed. "Now, Pete, you don't say much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of solid wisdom. G'ra us your quarter, an' Gol stuck out his hand to the German, winking at Winnie as he did so."

"Nig, me no got so mooch," Pete said, with a sly face.

Winnie laughed outright. "Euchered!" he exclaimed; "old man, you can't get Pete's quarter on deposit in that bank!"

"What in thunder is the use of making a motion if he can't carry it out?" demanded Gol, with a comical grin.

"I've got a big penny in my pocket," said Winnie. "That will do for the experiment."

"Oh, go a silver quarter, lieutenant, an' kinder encourage the little critter," Gol said, with a sober face.

"No, the cent is just as good," Winnie replied. "I don't care to take any more stock in your bank than I can help."

The young soldier rose to his feet and tossed the penny in through the hole in the tree.

Then the squirrel was dispatched on his mission, but, after a minute or two, he came out of the hole empty-handed.

"That's it, by thunder!" cried Gol; "he's been trained on stamps, an' don't understand that silver an' copper air valuables. I see that I will have to commence his education over again, or else get another squirrel an' train him on silver."

Then Pete rose suddenly to his feet and cast his rifle into the hollow of his arm. All three of the men were armed, as they had been after ducks down the river that morning.

"Good-by; me come back soon," the German said.

"What yer bound?" demanded Gol.

"Walk!" was the lad's laconic reply.

"Down to see Tilda, eh?"

"Maybe."

"Wal, look out for that ring-tailed wild-cat, Yell Ozark; he's squintin' arter Tilda herself," said Gol, warningly.

"Me look; not afraid if he was der tuyel," Pete returned, as he walked off down the river.

"That boy's clear grit from his head to his big toe!" Gol ejaculated, in admiration, after Pete had got out of hearing. "I would feel a mighty sight easier 'bout him, though, if that pesky varmint, Yell Ozark, was run out of the country."

"I don't think that he'll be around much longer," Winnie said. "General Smith told me when I was in Little Rock, about a week ago, that he was going to send a squad after Ozark very soon, with orders not to return until they got him."

"I don't hanker after blood much, but a wild beast like Ozark ain't fit to live," Gol said, gravely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

OLD AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LOST LOG-BOOK.

No common pirates, then; no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo, and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by Francisco De Lara, and Faustino Calderon. For though they discover no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deducible, leaving no doubt. With a scheme like that in prospect, such conspirators were not likely to part.

Now cognizant of the whole plan, with its particulars, the young officers stand gazing in one another's faces, both showing an expression of the most piteous wretchedness. The new discovery has increased it. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of robbers. But they would rather than know them in the power of De Lara and Calderon. From what they remember of these two men, the poor girls are doomed to a ruinous treatment—to ruin.

"Yes; it is all clear," says Crozier, after a pause. "No gold-getting has brought about this."

That may have influenced the others who shipped as their confederates, but with them the scheme has been more comprehensive, a motive different as devilish. I see it all now."

"Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the two scoundrels, I had my fears about our dear girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have ever thought of their following them aboard ship? Above all with Blew there, and after his promise to protect them. I remember his saying he'd lay down his life to shield them."

"He swore it—to me he swore it. It's hard to believe he has broken his oath. But from what Don Gregorio says he must have done it, and leagued with the other eleven. It appears there was that number, besides Blew. Of the four who spoke Spanish, two no doubt were De Lara and Calderon, the others their confederates who lay in wait for us that night. Oh! that they had succeeded in their intent. I could wish they had killed me!"

"Dear Ned, don't talk so despairingly. I admit things have a black look, but they may brighten. I have got a sort of belief they will. What do you propose doing after we get to Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her."

"Obliged! There's no obligation for a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consents to assist us in the search we contemplate, I shall go alone."

"No, Crozier; not alone, there's one that'll be with you."

"Of course, Will, I know I can count on you. What I mean is if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every foot of the American coast, till I find where they've put ashore. I tell you, Cad, I love Carmen Montijo better than my life. And when a man feels that way he may do much. I have money at my command—a large fortune—and I shall spend it all to punish these pirates. If it must be, I shall leave the service. My commission may go to the deuce."

"And mine, I'm with you in any way. What a pity we can't tell the place where they put in. They must have been near land to take an open boat."

"In sight of—close to it. I've questioned Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little more. The poor gentleman is almost as badly beside himself as the skipper. A wonder he's not insane, too. He says they had sighted land

that morning; the first since leaving California. The captain told them they would reach Panama in about two days after. As the boat was being moved away he saw her through the stern windows. She appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him."

"The old negro can tell no better story?"

"I've questioned him, too. He's equally sure of their having been close to the coast; but what part he has no idea, any more than the ourangs. However, he states a particular fact, which is more satisfactory. A short while before they laid hold of him he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill or mountain. He describes it as having two tops. The moon was between them, and that was why he took notice of it. That's the sum and substance of his topographical knowledge. Limited though it be, I like it the best. That double-headed hill may some day stand us in stead."

"If the skipper had kept his senses, he could have told us all about it. He must have known where he was when the barque was abandoned. His going crazy at this time is enough to make one think the very Fates were against us. But I say, Ned, we've never thought of looking at the log-book! It ought to throw some light on the thing."

"It ought, and doubtless would, if we only had it. You're mistaken in saying we've never thought of it; I have; and been looking for it all the time you were taking your nap. It's gone; and Heaven knows what's become of it. They may have thrown it overboard before leaving; though what good that would do them I can't see. The cook says it used to lie on a little shelf in the companion-way. The captain always kept it there. I've looked there and everywhere else, but no log-book. As you say, it's enough to make us believe the Fates are against us. If so, we shall never reach Panama, much less live to—"

"Look!" exclaims Cadwallader, interrupting the lugubrious speech of his comrade. "See those brutes! What's that there knocking about? By Jove, I believe it's the log-book!"

These brutes are the Myas monkeys, that, away in the waist, are tossing something between them; certainly a large book bound in rough leather. They have mutilated the binding, and with teeth and claws are tearing out the leaves, as each tries to take it from the other.

"Is it—must be!" responds Crozier; and both officers rush off to rescue it.

They succeed; but not without difficulty, and a free handling of handspikes, almost bruising the apes, before they relinquish it.

The book is at length recovered, though in a very ruinous condition. But, fortunately, with all the written leaves untorn.

Turning to the last of these, there is found an entry, evidently the last made: "LAT. 7° 20' N. LONG. 82° 12' W. LIGHT BREEZE."

"Good!" exclaims Crozier, rushing back to the quarter-deck, and bending over the chart; with this and the double-headed hill we may yet get upon the track of the denizens! Cad, old boy, there's something in this. I have a presentiment that things are taking a turn, and the Fates will yet be for us."

"Ah!" sighs Crozier, "if we had but ten men aboard the barque, or even six, I'd never think of going on to Panama, but sail straight for the island of Coiba. For the chart shows that the land they sighted must have been either that or Nicaron, that lies on its south-west side. With a light breeze they could not have made much way afterward, and, running for Panama, the high land seen at night should be Punta Marieta. They've put in somewhere along the coast of Veragua; and there will come upon their traces. Great God! What wouldn't I give for ten true fellows! A thousand pounds apiece. I only wish the cutter's crew had been left along with us."

"Never fear, Ned; we'll get them again, or as good. Old Bracebridge won't fail us, I'm sure. He's a dear, good-hearted soul; and when he hears the tale we've told, it'll be all right. If he can't come along with the frigate, he'll allow us enough to man the barque, and enough to make short work with the pirate crew, if we can once get face to face with them. I only wish we were in Panama!"

"I'd rather we were off Coiba, or on shore beside the ruffians."

"Not as we are now, three against twelve; for though there's six of us, three can't be counted."

"I don't care for that; I'd give ten thousand dollars to be in their midst—even alone."

"You'll never be there alone. Where you go I go. We have a common cause, and shall stand or fall together."

"That's all clear. God bless you, Cadwallader! I feel you're worthy of the friendship I've placed in you. Now, let's talk no more about it, but bend on all the sail we can, run on to Panama, after that we'll steer for the island of Coiba."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE ANSWERED CALL.

THREE days have elapsed and the Condor is still standing on an easterly course. Several of the torn sails have been patched, or replaced by others, so as to hold wind; and she now makes way at the rate of seven knots an hour.

Grunnet is at the wheel, though not always there. The two young officers have been steering turn and turn with him; and the old negro having recovered strength, is able to take a "trick," too.

Don Gregorio is also convalescing, and occasionally comes on deck.

Alas! for poor Lantana; he is still beside himself, but tenderly cared for by the others.

Ever since the night of that terrible storm they have been favored by fair winds and a calm sea, such as gives its name to the Pacific.

And now, on the morning of the fourth day, a fresh breeze bears them on in the course they desire to run. They are heading straight for the Bay of Panama, with the hope of soon entering it.

The two young officers are by the capstan, having the chart spread upon its head, the lieutenant looking at it.

After consulting it a while, he turns to the midshipman, saying:

"We're lucky in having this wind. If it keeps in the same quarter for another twenty-four hours, we ought to sight land. And if this map may be depended on, it should be the promontory north side Panama Bay. I hope the chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name imports, is likely not a very nice place to make mistakes about. If we should run too close to it with this west wind—"

"Steamer to nor'ard!" cries a rough voice, interrupting him.

It is Grunnet who gives the information.

The young officers, turning with a start, see the same. Crozier, laying hold of a telescope, raises it to his eye, while he holds it there, saying:

"You're right, coxswain; it is a steamer, and standing this way. She'll run across our bows. Up helm, and set the barque's head straight for her. That's our best way."

Grunnet obeys the order, and by the necessary number of turns of the wheel, brings the

Condor's head in position till she heads to meet the steamer. The two officers, with the negro assisting, board tacks and sheets and trim sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels steered in opposite directions, and lessen the distance between. And as they mutually make approach, each speculates on the character of the other. They on board the barque have little difficulty in deciding upon that of the steamer. At a glance they have seen she is not a war-ship, but a passenger packet; and as there are no others in that part of the Pacific Ocean, she can only be one of the "liners," lately established between San Francisco and Panama.

They are sure of this, and equally certain she is coming down from the former port, her destination the latter.

Not so easy for those aboard the steamer to make out the character of the craft, that has turned up in their track, standing straight toward them. They see a barque, polacca-masted, with some sails set, and others hanging in shreds from her yards. This of itself would be enough to excite curiosity; but there is something besides, a flag reversed flying at her mast-head—the ensign of Chile.

Matter not what its nationality; enough that they know it to be a signal of distress appealing to their sympathy.

Responding to the appeal, the commander of the steamer, on coming near, orders her engines to reverse action, till the huge Leviathan, late coming at the rate of twelve knots to the hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the surface of the sea.

Simultaneously the barque being "ho, to," her sails cease propelling her, and she also drifts, less than a cable's length between the two.

From the steamer the hail comes:

"Barque ahoy. What barque is that?"

"The Condor, Valparaiso—in distress!"

"Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength enough to man it."

"Wait, then; we'll row you."

In less than five minutes time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pulling off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress; but not for its crew to board her; Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he requests her crew to row him to their ship, which they do without questioning. The uniform which he wears enables him to respect—to command.

Stepping on board the steamer, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a packet from San Francisco—on route to Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thousand standing upon her decks. They of all qualities and kinds, all colors and nationalities. Most of them California gold-diggers returning to their homes, some successful, and consequently cheerful, others downcast and disappointed.

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamer, along with his officers; then to the passengers, for to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamer, who by chance can answer for his credentials.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor. The two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HORRID CRAVINGS.

THE pirates are still upon the isle, where by misadventure they made landing.

Far different their appearance from that when they stepped ashore with their plunder and captives.

In truth they were scarce recognizable as the same men. Then in full strength of body, and swaggering confidence of spirit, they tongues given, and eyes sparkling, they stalked about, some talking and with subdued mien. Some do not talk at all, but sit languidly on points of projecting rock, or lie stretch along the earth; not for resting or pleasure, but from sheer inability to stand erect.

Famine has made its imprint on their faces; hunger and thirst long endured, and still torturing them. The dread insignia of starvation can be read in sunken eyes and traced on their hollow cheeks.

Not strange that it can. For ten days they have tasted no food save shell-fish, and the rank flesh of predatory birds, both in scant supply. And no drink excepting some rain-drops caught in the boat-sails spread for the purpose, or wrung from their shirts.

For ten days they have kept vigil, without seeing sign of human life save their own. A tarpaulin-rigged oar and boat-hook, placed upon the highest point of the isle, has failed to catch the eye of any one on the main shore. Or if seen, the signal has been disregarded. And no vessel has passed coastwise within sight.

Explored on every point, the sterile rock offered nothing fit for the construction of a raft—not a stalk bigger than a bean-pod.

The first fears have been realized. They seem as far from all chance of being rescued, as if cast away on a coral reef in the middle of the ocean.

Repentant are the pirates now, doleful as they dwell on their future. Willingly would they recall the past, and if they could, undo their wicked deeds. Gladly would they restore the gold—too glad, could they but think that from whom they took it still lived.

Alas! it can not be. Their victims left aboard the barque must have long since ceased to breathe. In the sea's bed they are now sleeping their last sleep, released from all earthly cares; and they who have so unceremoniously sent them to their rest may now almost envy them. Many of them do. In their hour of agony, and thirst within their throats scorching like a consuming fire, they care little for life, some rather desiring death.

Boastful or obedient, all are alike humbled now. Even Gomez no longer affects to be their leader, and the savage brute Padillo is tamed if not softened to true gentleness.

By a sort of tacit consent, Harry Blew has come to be the controlling spirit—perhaps from having evinced more humanity than the rest. For now that adversity is on them, their better natures are brought out, and the least hardened

among them have returned to the tenderness of childhood.

The change has been of singular consequence to their captives. These are no longer restrained, but set free to go and come when it pleases them. No longer need they fear injury. Even insult is not offered. No rudeness either of speech or feature. On the contrary, they are treated with studied respect, almost with deference. Harry Blew, apparently the first to feel this sentiment toward them, has directed it until all the others seem alike inspired with it.

The best of the food—had at best—has been apportioned to them, as also the largest share of the caught rain-water. Enough of both to sustain strength; and they have in turn become as administering angels—tender nurses to the very men who have made misery of their lives.

Thus has it been for days; till the night of the ninth; when a heavy rain-fall, filling the boat's sail, has enabled them to replenish the beaker, with all the other vessels brought ashore.

On the morning of the tenth day some change is observable in the conduct of the starving crew. No longer aghast, the kindred appetite has become keener, absorbing every thought—every instinct of their souls. It looks wolf-like out of eyes sunken in their sockets, and is seen in their glances as they regard one another. In the eyes of some there is an expression more than fiendish; for it is the cold, calculating gaze of cannibalism.

It has come to this, though no one has spoken of it. It is as yet only in their thoughts. But as hour after hour passes, it is taking tangible shape, and threatens soon to become the subject of speech—perhaps action.

One or two show it most; Padillo most of all. In his glance the unnatural craving is plainly recognizable—plain as his eyes follow the fair forms moving gently in their midst. There can be no mistaking his look. It is the stare of the anthropologist!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

The Creole Wife:

OR, THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DUJARD'S PROTECTOR," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPLETELY VINDICATED.

"HAVE you made any discovery, Grandison?"

"Not the slightest. It is one of those affairs we stumble upon perhaps once in a lifetime, to which there seems not the slightest clue. Even the knife found beside the murdered man in the roadway was proved to be his own. God help us all, Dorchester, if I have not caused that crime. I sent for Huff almost before Darcy Casselworth was cold after death really came to him; he was at hand before a move was made on the other side. He saw every thing, heard every thing, himself unsuspected, and he came to me on the day the murdered man was buried. He came to say if his work was to put his finger upon the murderer, he was prepared to do so at a moment's notice; he was in my pay, obeying my instructions in simply gathering such information as was possible, and in honor bound to follow my private behest. That was his way of putting it, but he knows I am in possession of some secret derogations of his that would scarcely bear the light; against which the petty reward offered by the authorities would not be a straw's weight since he was sure of as much from me. And he declared that there could be no solution but the one; that the unknown woman found upon the spot—I couldn't give him the whole truth of her story, you know—that she was undoubtedly the murderer. Think of all the dark facts looming up against her! If I did not know her innocence in my own heart, Dorchester, I should think with them all; if any other woman than Etoile had stood in her place, I should have believed her guilty. Heaven forgive me! I might even have believed it of her, but she looked into my eyes with her truthful ones and solemnly avowed her innocence, and in all her life Etoile never lied."

The stock-broker's naturally pale face was haggard and ghastly with his strong emotions. The two men were met in his city apartments on the same day which witnessed the events of the previous chapter. Dorchester had just come up from Cassel; the stock-broker had been in the city since the funeral of a week before. He went on:

"I have blamed Elmer Casselworth for his past weakness, for his injustice to her, for his pitiful yielding to his cousin's guidance, but for this credulity,—this belief of his that she is branded with the crime of striking that blow—even I do not blame him for that. Do you know what I would have done in his place, knowing how she had been wronged, how she had suffered, believing her guilt as he does, yet weakly loving her in his heart through all? Had she been my wife, a thousand lives like Darcy Casselworth's should not stand between us; such black, treacherous blood as his might have tasted no food save shell-fish, and the rank flesh of predatory birds, both in scant supply. And no drink excepting some rain-drops caught in the boat-sails spread for the purpose, or wrung from their shirts."

"Except for Etoile's sake. I did not suppose you would feel it like this, although I have thought sometimes—"

The speaker broke off his words, but his eyes, darkening with compassionate sympathy, expressed his comprehension of the other's weakness. Grandison dropped his forehead into his clasped hands with a weary sigh.

"You thought rightly, my boy; but my weakness, my presumption, is not a growth of your knowledge. It began when she was a girl just budding into the sweetest womanhood on the old Southern plantation, and I was a stripling in Victor Dupree's employ. It was checked then, but it grew into life again during these years of her suffering. It is all over now, the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, to the weak husband who had cast her off. There, not a word! My weaknesses of this sort are not frequent and would not bear even your sympathy. Tell me anything you may have gathered regarding this desperate case. If she could only be persuaded to leave that place! I have not had one easy moment since leaving Cassel, but she would lose no time in restoring her husband's money supposed to have been lost with the rest. It is all done at last, but I have had terrible fears for her safety."

"You have had reason for them. The man Huff whom you employed in the private detec-

tive line was bought over by Gilbert Casselworth." The broker lifted his haggard face.

"It is probable the fellow understood the case better than you intended he should; at least he gained an inkling of the scheme which worked defeat to Darcy Casselworth; I suppose that gave him the idea of betraying it to the murdered man's son. Etoile's identity was discovered, too, and the true story pieced together with tolerable accuracy. My man discovered that."

I did not tell even you that there was a second detective upon the ground; one of those unerring sleuth-hound justice who work faithfully for a clue, and having found it, follow on with a persistency which never swerves aside. This one, Griffith, heard of the murder, obtained leave and came down on his own account with no other inducement than his devotion to his business and the comparatively small reward the county offers, which will doubtless be doubled by the State authorities. I found him out through his sounding me, suspected him rather, and he had his reasons for admitting me into confidence. Professional eyes are sharp ones, and he saw that my suspicious were rather strongly founded. I suspected from the first, though in a vague and prejudiced way, Mrs. Leland."

"Mrs. Leland?"

"It was a prejudiced suspicion at first, as I said—one which I would not have breathed without some surer grounds of belief that I was not doing her the deepest injustice. She was so strangely agitated that night while she sat by Darcy Casselworth's death-bed, strongly moved and strongly repressing her emotion. Women like her seldom feel very deeply and are generally ostentatiously demonstrative in their grief. The knowledge that she had been leagued with him in that evil work of eight years ago, and her confession of the relation they had borne at the very last, impressed me. There was an inconsistency, too, in her statement of their existing engagement and her late conduct. The very day before she had drawn the master of the Homestead to the verge of a proposal; we had that from Etoile, you remember. Then the knife found beside the murdered man was his own. Gilbert Casselworth, at the inquest, testified to having seen it on his father's table during the afternoon, and Mrs. Leland called at his rooms before evening. It was assumed that she had been known to have doubted at that hour through her previous stay at the Homestead. These last facts Griffith elicited after becoming aware of my suspicions. That was the beginning, and from the hour she left the Homestead Mrs. Leland has been under constant surveillance. Much has been found to strengthen the suspicion formed against her, little in the way of real proof or evidence. She is in quiet lodgings in this city, seldom going out, and then in the evenings and closely veiled; she avoided her intention upon leaving the Homestead of going to New York direct. She was wonderfully broken and nervous from this short time she sleeps little, eats little, and is startled at any interruption. Acting, in fact, like a woman stricken with remorse and terror, just as one of her superficial nature would be stricken after committing such a crime, for it is a cowardly nature at the bottom. Griffith is quite convinced of her guilt. He came back to Cassel, last night, to review the ground and to sound his rival in the field, Huff. The latter has his weakness in his liking for ardent spirits, and under the influence, boasted of having hunted his prey to earth and of soon claiming the reward. In fact, at a last night's interview in not leaving the matter to the option of his present employer, since his researches have proved the fact that Gilbert Casselworth is no better than a beggar, without means of his own to pay the sum stipulated to the miserable tool."

"I did not wish to unnecessarily alarm Etoile, so wrote a short note to Miss Casselworth which will assure her, and took the morning train here. She must be saved, and Griffith is back, prepared to cause Mrs. Leland's arrest."

"I don't wish to be mixed with the workings of the law, Grandison, but have helped him that wretched creature down, and I shall see the affair on to the end. At the close of an hour I was to meet Griffith prepared for his duty. Will you come and see the painful scene out? It will be painful, and from my reading of Mrs. Leland's character she will hardly fail in criminating herself."

Mrs. Leland was in her private parlor on the second floor of the lodging she had taken, a little dingy room, bare of all the luxurious appointments in which her sensuous tastes delighted. It was a dreary change from that spacious, elegant apartment she had occupied at the Homestead.

There was a change in Mrs. Leland. She had grown negligent about the little details

THE OTHER GRIMES.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The other Grimes we learn is dead;
We grieve with sorrow sore,
He always wore a genial smile
With buttons down before.

No downcast, mooping soul was his;
He had a cheerful mien,
And looked on the bright side of things
With goggles large and green.

His learned mind the truths of life
Was very quick to catch,
He had perceptions bright and keen
With back-skin pants to match.

He loved in Nature's fields to roam,
And friends and friendship prized,
He loved the endearing ties of home,
But jowls and wrinkles he despised.

The sad oppressions of the earth
Caused him some tears to shed;
He had a heart of gracious mold,
But no teeth in his head.

True charity his study was;
He pitied those who pine,
The hopes of downcast men he raised,
And pumpkins, very fine.

To look at him you would have said,
"A kindly man is that,"
He wore the name of gentleman,
But a most wretched hat.

True wisdom of the mind made bright
His daily life and work,
His soul longed for the infinite,
And roamed in realms of pork.

He sowed the precious grain of Truth
And harvested its fruits,
To bless the land he trod upon
With heavy stoga boots.

He never bowed before the proud
Because he thought it wrong,
He played for better days to come,
And chewed tobacco strong.

But on him fell affliction's hand
To end a well-spent life,
He left the world to mourn his loss,
His widow was his wife.

DICK DARLING, The Pony Express-Rider. A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"MARSE DICK, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the prairie; and ef dem painted debbles comes arter us, whar is we? Why, nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with pack-ages worth millions, with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to settle on, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it in spite of all the Klamaths in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than any brave on the plains."

"Yes, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously; "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector—"

The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was loping along close to the riders, and Tom exclaimed:

"Dar, didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis bressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book."

Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

"You're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfield that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you."

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling tinware to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west, and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles," as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and he looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yells.

"Didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the darky, regretfully, as he plunged into the next bottom. "Ise gwine to Fairfield's to guv you message, but, gorrarnighly, tain't no use talking. Dem'll nebber see you agen, no-how. You is smart, but Capten Jack is smarter."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

It was toward this place that Darling had recommended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace; and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small neat dwelling in the midst of a stockade of great strength, stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy darky pounced vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha' left. Oh, gorrarnighly, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs?"

He had hardly ended his speech when the face of a beautiful girl appeared at the wicket of the stockade, and a sweet voice said:

"Dick Darling scalped? I'll never believe that till I see his body. Why, I'd trust Dick to whip a whole war-party. You're afraid, that's all that ails you. Come in and see if you can tell a straight story."

And the gate flew open, revealing a tall, magnificently-formed girl, who beckoned the negro in, as if she had been used to war all her life. Somewhat abashed, Tom dismounted and entered, muttering:

"Dat ar Missy Charlotte, Marse Dick's gal. Ain't she lubly, jist?"

A few minutes later the darky was in the stockade with his mule and dog, while old Fairfield, with his two beautiful daughters, Charlotte and Sophy, cross-questioned him strictly on the events of the morning.

When he had finished all looked grave except Charlotte, who said, firmly:

"He promised to come here this evening, and come he will. I know Dick."

In the hot noon of the prairies, a young man,



"Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book!"

with a Spencer rifle in his hand, was riding leisurely toward Fairfield's ranche, followed by five Indians. Every now and then one of them fired a shot; but it seemed indeed as if Dick Darling bore a charmed life. Not a bullet struck him for some time, and he rode on as if disdaining to reply. The Modocs seemed to be afraid to close with him, as well they might. Seven of their war-party had already bitten the dust, killed by Dick.

At last the chief took a long and steady aim, halting his horse to fire, and to his great joy the quondam express-rider dropped from his saddle to the ground.

With loud yells of triumph the Indians galloped up, only to meet a terrible transformation. Leaping to his feet, unhurt, Dick leveled his repeater across his horse's back, and fired five shots in rapid succession. Three Indians fell, and the remaining couple, thoroughly demoralized, fled in confusion. The daring hunter uttered a triumphant laugh and remounted his horse. He panted a little and pressed his hand to his side as if in pain, but that was all the token that the bullet had hurt him.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he rode toward Fairfield's ranche, "that little investment of mine has been well worth the thousand dollars it cost me. But that last bullet tried the mule. It was a fair knock down."

The secret of his invulnerability among the Indians was very simple. Dick wore a shirt of mail, light and flexible, but perfectly bullet-proof. It had cost him a thousand dollars, but it was well worth the money, as long as he kept the secret to himself.

Just about sunset, Darling rode leisurely up to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he saw was that of Charlotte Fairfield.

"I knew the Modocs could never kill my Dick," was all she said.

And thus began the Modoc war.

The two beautiful girls, whose fortunes are ever uppermost in the rapidly moving events of Mr. Aiken's powerful romance, THE WOLF DEMON, are women of the true forest type, so widely apart, socially and by their surroundings, yet so near in the bonds of trial, suffering and love. The serial, for their story alone, is absorbingly readable, and excites, in the reader, the most enthusiastic sympathy.

Strange Stories.

THE ADVOCATE OF TERRACINA. AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BENEATH the clear Italian sky lay the ancient town of Terracina, upon the gulf of the same name, which was fed by the blue waters of the fair Mediterranean, fairest of all the southern seas.

On the tenth day of April in the year 1598, worthy Pietro Rocca, landlord of the little inn on the outskirts of the town of Terracina, known to all as the inn of the "Golden Goat," and situated on the high road leading to Naples, rose betimes, and throwing open the doors of the hostel, prepared for the business of the day. Not that he expected much custom, for war's fierce alarm had made travelers few and far between.

The States of the Church, Milan and Venice, were all at blood-letting, and few trades, except that of throat-cutting, flourished.

As the fat host of the Golden Goat sat down under the shade of a huge Lombardy poplar to enjoy a flask of thin wine, pressed from the red Sicilian grapes, a young man, plainly garbed in black, came slowly along the road. The sable suit, the flat, three-cornered student hat, as well as the pale face and utter absence of all weapons, told that the young man was a law scholar.

Twenty years before, Signor Nereto, the eminent advocate of Terracina, walking one bright morning along the highway just beyond the town, came upon a babe securely nestled in a huge earthen dish, and exposed at the foot of a little rustic cross erected by some pious hand to mark the resting-place of a soul who had fallen by the sword of some fellows of the Free Bands, who, from being soldiers in the time of war, became robbers in the time of peace.

The lawyer, childless and alone in the midst of his fame and wealth, took pity upon the babe that smiled in his face, and mercifully placed the child in the care of some good peo-

ple with the "gentlemen of the sword," as the soldiers of fortune were politely termed.

One of the horsemen was tall and slender, with jet-black hair, pointed beard and sneering eyes; another was short and stout, with gray eyes and close-cut brown hair; the third, a giant in size, with the golden locks and light eyes of the natives of the "Low Country." A Spaniard, an Englishman and a Fleming—men who fought for hire and who were fully as ready to change masters as to transmute copper-pieces into golden ones.

The Spaniard with the pointed beard gave a glance at the sign of the inn, the "Golden Goat," and another at the fat host quaffing the flask of wine, and his mouth watered.

"Ho, comrades!" he cried, "let us dismount and come to a reckoning here, over a bottle of wine!"

"Agreed!" responded the other two, in a breath, and so the three dismounted and called for three flasks of cypress wine.

The host at the first glance set his customers down as being members of a Free Band, out of work, but with their pockets well-lined; so he ran to supply their order as fast as he could.

"A thought occurs to me!" exclaimed the Spaniard, after the landlord had departed; "let us not divide our gold at present, but leave it here in charge of the host until we return."

The other two looked askance at this proposal; rogues all, they distrusted each other.

"And why not divide now?" asked the Englishman.

"Yes; why not settle the matter at once?" questioned the Fleming; and as he spoke he drew a leather bag from beneath his cloak and placed it upon the table. The clink it gave out told of precious coin within.

"Suppose we fail in our expedition and are taken, then our ducats will be forced from us by our jailers; but if we leave them behind, when we get free—if mishap should come to us—then we can return and claim them."

"There's sense in that," the Englishman observed.

"Ah, but two may be caught and the other go free; then shall he take all the gold?" the cautious Fleming asked.

This was quite conclusive. The soldiers sneaked out of court. Nicholas got judgment and the girl also, and from that day no advocate ranked higher in Italy than Nicholas of Terracina.

Beat Time's Notes.

WINTER FASHIONS: Coal-scuttles will be made with flounces half-way up, cut high in the neck, and will have worked pockets to hold needles and thread and thimbles. Skillet will be very elegantly dressed in riding-top, gauntlets; and for very cold weather, a fur-lined cloak. The tongs will require tight pants with spring bottoms, a short-waisted coat, and a plug hat. Elegant mops can be made out of white silk summer shawls rolled up and tied on the end of a stick with a silken cord with tassels. Wash-tubs will be cut high in the waist, and not wear hoops this winter. Wash-pans will be fleeced-lined, ornamented with artificial flowers, and looped up at the sides, with train. Kitchen stoves will be covered with highly embroidered cover of some very delicate color, with silk fringe around the edges; the doors will be finely grained and have elegant knockers, or be furnished with a pull-bell; inside of stove will be lined with fur. Dish-rags will be cut bias, with polonaise; buttons very large, and flounces quite deep; the color will be such as most suits the complexion. Ash-barrels will be dressed in calico-suit, sleeves flowing, sack short, with buttons set in gold flagee.

The old gentleman has just been heard from again. He is now a hundred and twenty-five years old, and will be another year older this time next year, unless he has the whole hundred and twenty-five years out of his life before that time. Three plugs of tobacco will last him nearly a day, and, though strictly temperate, he can't do without his regular tobacco drink a day. He reads the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly every week, without the aid of spectacles, and laughs without any assistance, or feeling bad over it afterward. He is still active—chops four cords of wood a day, and his board is ten dollars a week, which is considered cheap. He is the oldest man in this country, and his father and mother, we believe, are dead. He is quite active, can run and jump in the center of a ten-acre field; climb up on his ear; turn a grindstone with ease; fall off a fence; ride fourteen horses at once, and lick any man of his size so quick that he will think that it happened two or three days before.

My new improved health-giving tonic is so powerful that the skeleton-man took one dose of it a day, and his appetite returned. It took all the profits of the show to feed him, and in two weeks he weighed two hundred pounds; his hands and feet grew out of all proportion; his ears increased amazingly. In the evening he was too fat to stand around, and they did everything to prevent him being so healthy—wouldn't let him have any more food—but that did no good; he kept on growing out of all collection—even of his debts. He was fourteen feet high in one month, and a new suit of clothes cost him two hundred dollars. Attention of little men is called to the fact; they should all take it. Put up in great bottles at one dollar a bottle, and no questions asked.

AMONG railway signals, one whistle means "down break," or more generally a "break down," or a "smash up," just as it happens to be. A succession of short whistles means that some farmer along the road will have fresh beef for supper. A red flag near the track means "danger ahead." A woman with a red dress on the track means "danger afoot." Three whistles signifies "back up," at which the passenger generally gets his back up, but if he growls, the conductor will make him "back down." When your car is rolling down an embankment, it signifies that "something is wrong."

WHAT is the diff-no, let me see. What would have been the difference between a torn flag and General Grant, had he been beaten at Vicksburg? You give it up? Well, one would be a tattered banner and the other a battered tanner. I lost three nights sleep on that joke, and I thought that after all I would have to give it up myself; and nobody knows what agony that thought cost me. A pocket diamond edition of this joke will be printed, and agents are wanted in every town in the United States to call and explain it. Seventy-two dollars a week warranted!

I CAN'T get over the loss of that twenty-dollar bill yesterday. I wish now that I had invested it all in cups and saucers, and had a little satisfaction out of it by dropping them down from the second story window to see them smash. I might have ridden a week in the street cars; or, if I had known I would lose it, I might have gone and settled some of my little bills with it—I might have done that, but I wouldn't say for certain.

When a young man, I tried hard to part my hair in the middle, but it wouldn't part. I used to put a brick on each side of it, but it wouldn't do. I used to set up at night and train it; had boys to hold it down for whole days; tried to glue it back; did it up in papers; consulted all the editors I could reach with a ten-foot pole or a letter; wasted years of my life combing it back; lost millions of money, until my hair is now parted in the middle, and my agony is over.

A MAN was arrested out West lately for stealing a Bible, and sent to jail. Now, that seems to have been hardly fair. Perhaps he took it with the best intentions, and had they let him keep it long enough to read it, he would have learned it was wrong, and immediately turned over a new leaf—of the Bible.

RETAIL market. Molasses, 25 cents a yard; eggs, 20 cents a string; butter, 30 cents a foot; calico, 11-12 cents a quart; grindstones, 2 dollars a ream; bacon, 1 dollar per bolt; pants, 10 dollars a pair; half a pair, 5 dollars; wheat, so much a piece, and candles fifty cents a can.

WHEN I was a boy, I was such a musician that I could play the most intricate operatic airs on a pair of bones so feelingly and sweetly that tears would immediately start from the eyes of the hardest-hearted potato.

WHY don't they save time and ink by simply writing Cheighebaugh when they want to write Chicago?

CONSTITUENTS of Congressmen who took back-pay, are anxious they should reverse it and pay back.

Is the ark did not pumpkin vines come under the head of "creeping things?"

As all maidens aspire to be belles, should not a milk-maid be called a cow-belle?

Too much of a good thing is entirely sufficient.